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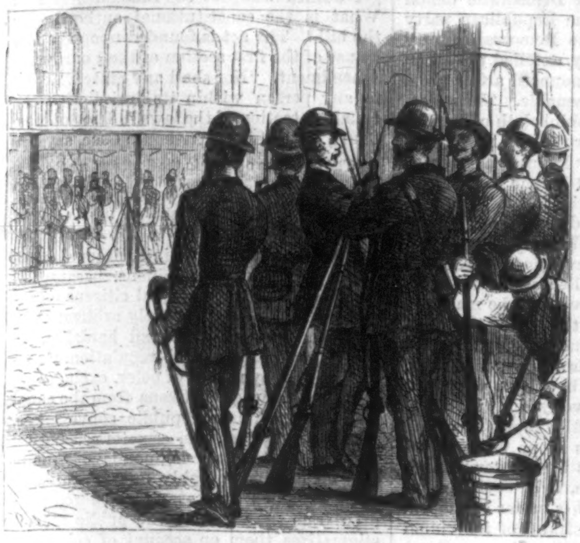

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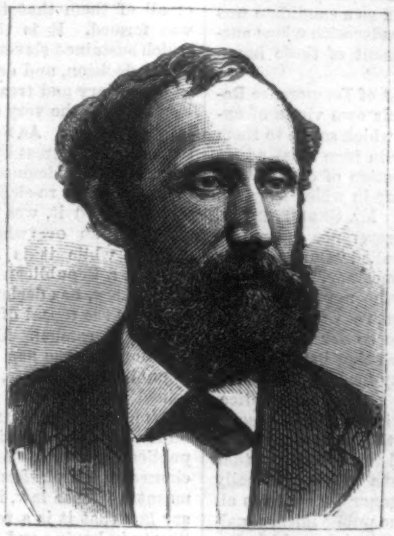
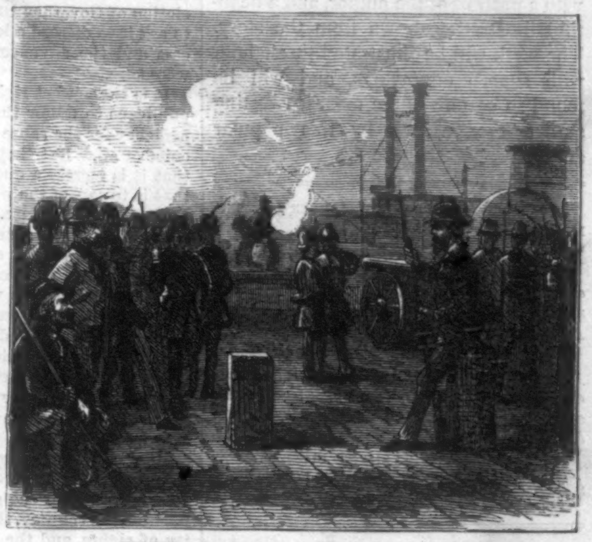


GOVERNOR KELLOGG.



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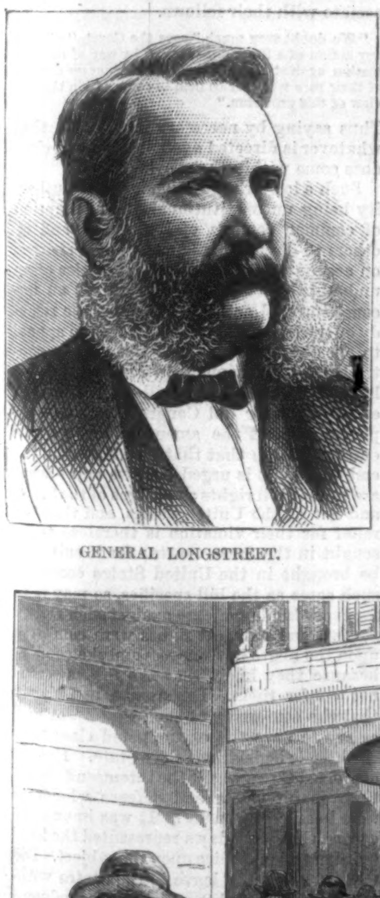
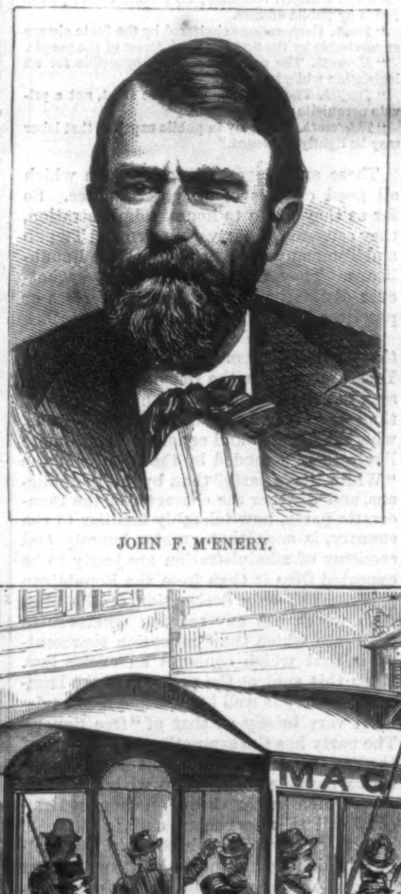
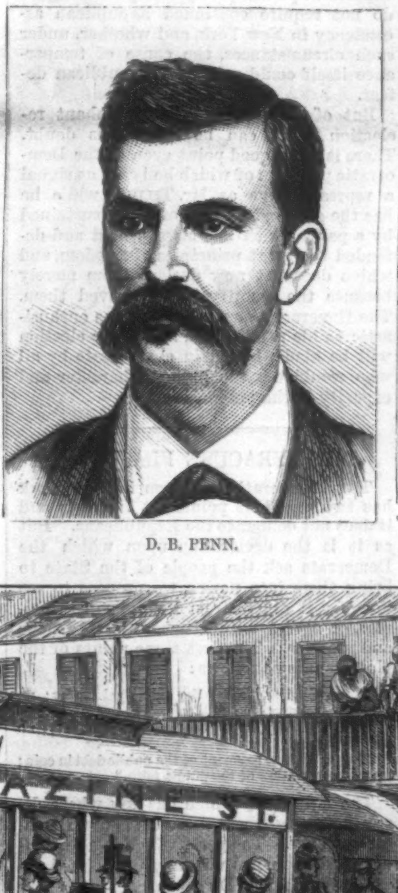


GENERAL LONGSTREET.



JOHN F. M'ENERY.



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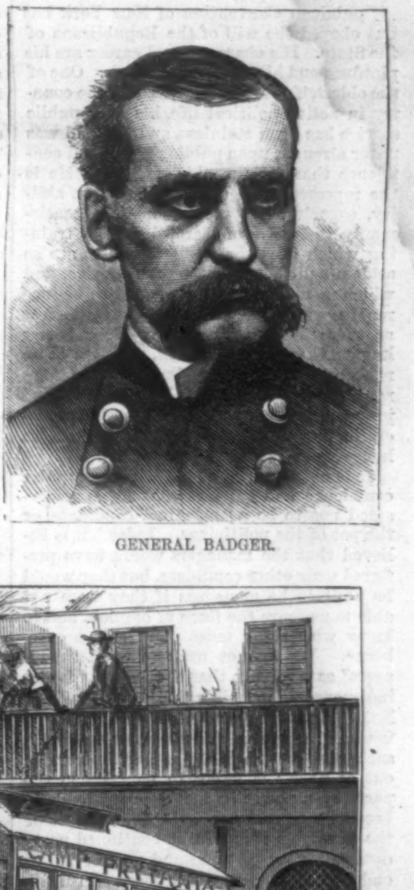

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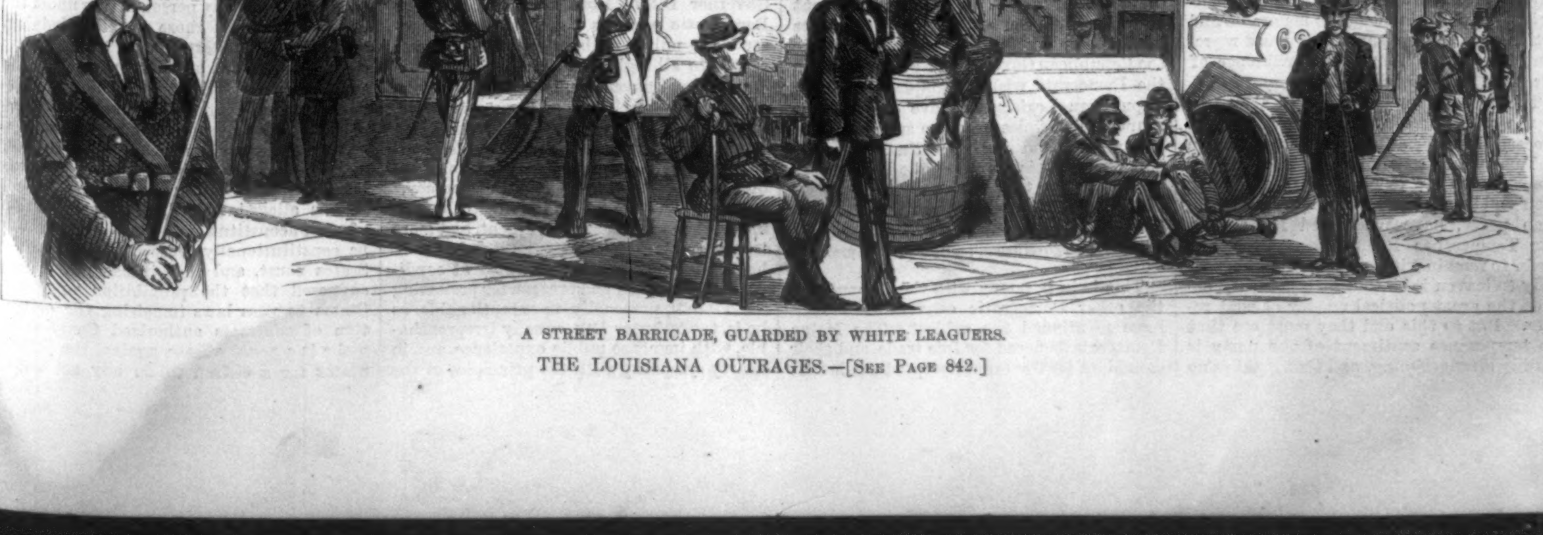

A STREET BARRICADE, GUARDED BY WHITE LEAGUERS.

THE LOUISIANA OUTRAGES.—[SEE PAGE 842.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1874.

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GOVERNOR DIX.

IN renominating Governor DIX the Republican Convention of New York has but obeyed the will of the Republicans of the State. His character and career are his platform and his ample credentials. One of the oldest, if not the oldest, man in the country in active political life, his long public service has been stainless, and his hold was never stronger upon public respect and confidence than it is at this moment. He is the representative of that character, ability, sagacity, generous education, gentlemanly instinct, and careful special training which it is the habit to regret are so seldom called into the public service, and which many persons are inclined to believe repel popular sympathy and support. Yet as there is no man in New York better known than Governor DIX, so there is no man more popular. His administration takes rank with those of which New York is most proud, and contrasts with that of his Democratic predecessor, the tool of TWEED, as honesty contrasts with corruption.

It is not the least of his titles to popular confidence and support that he is understood not to be a "machine" candidate, or the pet of the politicians. Indeed, it is believed that the managers would have preferred some other candidate, but they would be unfit to be managers if they were not able to measure the force of opinion, and to know when they must yield or be overborne. We do not use the word "managers" as implying that forethought is not indispensable in political and party affairs. Nothing is more essential; but it must be a wise and generous and patriotic foresight, such as that of a party of intelligent men out of power is likely to be. When the party is in power its management tends to become mercenary, and the chief object of the managers is apt to be continued party dominance for personal and not for public ends. This tendency is fostered and facilitated by our vicious system of the civil service. But the Convention at Utica, although with the usual proportion of familiar "politicians" sprinkled among the honorable and active men of the party, was truly representative of the Republican preference of the State for the highest office.

The only serious opposition in the party to the renomination of Governor DIX has proceeded from some of those who are known as Temperance Republicans. The prohibitionists, who are temperance men seeking their end by another means than the Republican party, have nominated Mr. CLARK. The Temperance Republicans very much prefer to remain within the party, and gradually to leaven it so that at last it may become the great political agency of that reform. But to this end they must see that the temperance sentiment of the party is steadily strengthening, and that it takes no step backward. The objection of some of these to Governor DIX is his veto of the Local Option Bill, which they regard as an offering to the liquor interest. We have never doubted that there are some sincere temperance men who, believing that to be the chief issue, would decline to sustain the Republican party except as a distinctively temperance party, as the Liberty men refused to support the Whigs in 1844. The practical question for their equally sincere Republican comrades who think the other purposes of the party even more important, because they have no other means of furtherance, as they think that temperance has—the practical question with these is whether the party would gain or lose more for these ends by yielding to an extreme temperance demand. It is a question of expediency, of course, because it is a question of methods. It does not, however, imply indifference to temperance, but profound interest in other issues of the gravest importance. To demand of the party the renunciation of Governor DIX as a candidate was to ask it to discard a leader with whom success and the advancement of those issues were sure.

It is the perfect right of Temperance Republicans to follow their own views of expediency for the cause which seems to them chief of all. But they in turn must admit that it is merely a question of expediency, that is to say, of the way in which they can best serve their cause. Mr. GERRIT SMITH, who is certainly a temperance authority, has published a letter, called "Our first Duty is to keep down the Democracy." The Temperance Republicans who agree with him will, we should suppose, vote for Governor DIX; and they will do so for the reason that the issues for which they have sustained the Republican party for many years are not yet satisfactorily settled in practice, however they may be in form and theory. We trust, now that the Convention has spoken and nominated the candidate, that Temperance Republicans will patriotically consider whether the general welfare in all parts of the country, the public faith, equality of rights, and the principles which Republicans have sought to introduce and to confirm in public policy and public regard do not require continued Republican ascendency in New York, and whether, under such circumstances, the cause of temperance itself could gain by a Republican defeat.

But of Governor DIX's triumphant re-election there can be no serious doubt. There is not a good point even of the Democratic platform of which he is not as signal a representative as Mr. TILDEN, while he has the great advantage of being sustained by a party which has always held and defended the great principles of freedom, and which does not now declare them merely because the country has approved them. The Governor's support will be as enthusiastic as his nomination, and his re-election will be gladly hailed in every State by all who would see the highest character and capacity in the public service.

THE SYRACUSE PLATFORM.

THE Democratic platform in New York has two excellent points: it is short; and it does not denounce the Republicans. But as it is the declaration upon which the Democrats ask the people of the State to bring them into power, we propose to see how far it differs from Republican principles, or agrees with Democratic traditions and practice. The first three points of the platform are as follows:

"*First.* Gold and silver the only legal tender; no currency inconvertible with coin.

"*Second.* Steady steps toward specie payments; no step backward.

"*Third.* Honest payment of the public debt in coin; sacred preservation of the public faith."

The only party which has any where directly opposed these demands is the Democratic party. The party which in a National Convention has virtually proclaimed repudiation is the Democratic. The party which has always and every where insisted upon the sacredness of the public faith is the Republican. A Republican President vetoed an inflation bill passed by the votes both of Republicans and Democrats, while the Republican Governor of New York, whom the Democrats wish to supplant, and the Republican Legislature, have declared the soundest principles upon the subject. The policy indicated in these three financial "planks" is, as is proved by the latest declarations of the two parties in the various States, more Republican than Democratic.

"*Fourth.* Revenue reform; Federal taxation for revenue only; no government partnership with protected monopolies."

This is in harmony with the demands of the other Democratic conventions which have mentioned the subject. The Maine Democrats declared for free trade, and their candidate for Governor accepted the lowest form of revenue tariff only as a step toward direct taxation.

"*Fifth.* Home rule; to limit and localize most zealously the few powers intrusted to public servants—municipal, State, and Federal; no centralization."

So far as this vague statement is meant to repeat the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions, and to declare for State sovereignty, it is traditionally Democratic; but so far as it asserts a proper division of local and central powers it is the position of every American citizen, and is in no sense especially Democratic. What the line of a proper division is, is of course a subject of discussion.

"*Sixth.* Equal and exact justice to all men; no partial legislation; no partial taxation.

"*Seventh.* A free press; no gag laws.

"*Eighth.* Free men; a uniform excise law; no sumptuary laws."

An intelligent American will rub his eyes to make sure that he actually sees in a Democratic platform the demand for equal justice, impartial legislation, and freedom. It was in consequence of Democratic denial of all of them that the Republican party was formed. It is the Democratic party which sustained slavery, extolled the DRED SCOTT decision, and denounced a free press as incendiary and treasonable. These declarations are the very shibboleth of the Republican party. As for the gag law, it was exposed in Congress by Republicans, it was universally condemned by the Republican press, and the re-election of Mr. POLAND, who reported it, was defeated by Republicans in an overwhelmingly Republican district, while it is announced that Mr. PHELPS, a Republican Representative from New Jersey, has declared that he means to move for the repeal of the law at the opening of the session. Undoubtedly, like the inflation bill, the gag law was passed by a Republican Congress, but both were sustained by Democratic votes, and the better sentiment of both parties repudiates both bills. The gag law is in no sense a Republican measure. As for the temperance clauses of the platform, if by excise law is meant a license law, it is so far a sumptuary law that it is a restraint of individual liberty in buying and selling liquor.

"*Ninth.* Official accountability enforced by better civil and criminal remedies; no private use of public funds by public officers.

"*Tenth.* Corporations chartered by the State always supervisable by the State in the interest of the people.

"*Eleventh.* The party in power responsible for all legislation while in power.

"*Twelfth.* The Presidency a public trust, not a private perquisite; no third term.

"*Thirteenth.* Economy in public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened."

These are general propositions in which all good citizens of all parties agree. So far as they relate to honest administration, they censure the party of FLOYD and TWEED and Tammany quite as much as the Republicans. They describe in no sense whatever distinctively Democratic doctrines or practices.

This is the whole platform; and the questions which it submits to the voters of New York are whether the Democratic party, as seen in recent history, is financially sounder than Governor DIX and the Republicans, whether freedom and equal rights are more likely to be defended by the friends of the "White Man's party" than by the Republicans, and whether the character of the Democratic party, now tolerably familiar to the country, is such that greater honesty and economy of administration are justly to be expected from it than from the Republican party. The only declaration of the platform which has any relation whatever to the State which the Convention represented is that which concerns an excise law. Upon this subject the position of the Democratic party is well known, and may be defined very briefly as that of "free liquor." The party has the sympathy and support of the liquor interest, and it will do just as little as possible to interfere with the grog-shop, which we have heard an eminent Democrat call "the poor man's club."

Is there any thing whatever in this platform which should induce a citizen of New York who wishes an able, honest, economical, and intelligent administration of the State or the national government to vote against Governor DIX? Does he think that the Democratic party is more anxious to preserve the public faith, or to limit, with due regard to all rights and pledges, the State and national governments, or to protect the freedom of the citizen, or to punish fraud, or to take care of the general interest, than the Republican party? Since ours is a party government, does the New York voter, familiar with Tammany and the "Democracy," believe that, as a party, it is more honest, more economical, more intelligent, and more trustworthy than the Republican? Or if he disdains party, and looks only at candidates, is there any good reason for preferring Mr. TILDEN, personally unexceptionable as he is, to Governor DIX, equally irreproachable, with immense public experience, and in hearty sympathy with the principles of the restored Union? Or, again, if he inclines to vote against Governor DIX "merely as a change," does he reflect that for a foolish whim he is ready to take the gravest risks? In exercising his right as a voter he is morally bound to be governed by the plain probabilities.

CIVIL RIGHTS AND THE CONSTITUTION.

IF the proposed Civil Rights Bill has no constitutional basis, the argument, of course, ends, and the bill must be abandoned. And if it can be sustained only by a strained and very doubtful interpretation of the Constitution, it would be very unwise to press it. On the other hand, those who would gladly find a sound constitutional excuse for dropping a measure against which prejudice is sternly arrayed, and which seems to them to threaten their party supremacy, should be very careful that they do not let their eager desires interpret the fundamental law. What is the constitutional authority for the bill? The act is founded upon the last clause of the first section of the Fourteenth Amendment. "Nor shall any State......deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." The Supreme Court, in the Slaughter-house Case, says,

"The existence of laws in the States where the newly emancipated negroes resided which discriminated with gross injustice and hardship against them as a class was the evil to be remedied by this clause, and by it such laws are forbidden."

The words, "with gross injustice and hardship," are plainly superfluous, because all discrimination among equal citizens on account of color, or any purely arbitrary distinction, is an injustice and hardship. A State law or recognized regulation, therefore, which, by reason of color, excludes orderly and innocent citizens from the equal enjoyment of hotels, public conveyances, public resorts, schools, cemeteries, and all conveniences dependent upon law, is, under this clause, indisputably unconstitutional. A State which separates the colored children from the white in the public schools stigmatizes them on account of color, and denies their equality as citizens, because it declares them by reason of color unfit to associate with their fellows.

"We doubt very much," says the Court, "whether any action of a State not directed by way of discrimination against the negroes as a class or on account of their race will ever be held to come within the purview of this provision."

Thus saying by necessary implication that whatever is directed against them as a class does come within the provision.

Such a law or regulation by State authority being unconstitutional, the assumption of common carriers, of innkeepers, and of others to discriminate among equal citizens on account of color is not the exercise of an undoubted social prerogative; it is an unconstitutional act. And what is the remedy of the aggrieved person? Is it an appeal to the State courts? and if they are controlled by the same spirit that made the law, as they probably will be, is that the end of it? Or did Congress, by specially providing that the amendment should be enforced, mean that that should not be the end of it? It is urged that we enjoy what are called civil rights as citizens of the State, and not of the United States, and that the relief for their violation is therefore to be sought in the State courts; for if suit may be brought in the United States courts in such cases as the bill specifies, so may it be for every kind of offense against such rights.

Civil and political rights were conferred upon the negro by Congress and the country because they knew that the States would not confer them. Experience had shown that the conferring of such rights was necessary to save the emancipated class from the hostile legislation of the State. Having conferred them, was it the intention to leave their maintenance and defense wholly to that hostile sentiment? It was known, of course, that those laws represented the local opinion and prejudice upon the subject. Did Congress mean to leave to the States without appeal the rights which the amendment sought to protect against the States? and if any State Legislature, or any local authority in a State, or any person acting under the license of a State chose to refuse lodging, or carriage, or entertainment to an orderly citizen on account of color, or to make him against his will submit to a different lodging, carriage, or entertainment than that furnished to all citizens of another color, did not Congress plainly mean to provide all means of remedy within its power by opening the United States courts?

It is alleged, indeed, that the violation of an unconstitutional State law can not be constitutionally prosecuted in a United States court, and that it has never been supposed that the prohibition upon the States to pass laws impairing the obligation of contracts authorized Congress to make it a penal offense against the United States for a citizen to do any act under

such laws. But if a State should authorize the vitiation of all contracts with a certain class of citizens on account of color, it would do one of the very things that Congress had in view in passing the Fourteenth Amendment, and to remedy which it authorized Congressional legislation. And so of all similar civil offenses on account of color. The purport of the amendment in this clause is that if the privileges and immunities of citizens in any State are denied on account of color, Congress may provide a remedy which seems to it adequate. "If, however," says the Supreme Court, "the States did not conform their laws to its requirements, then by the fifth section of the article of amendment Congress was authorized to enforce it by suitable legislation." And when the court asks whether by this provision it was intended to bring within the power of Congress the entire domain of civil rights heretofore belonging exclusively to the States, we should say, in view of the circumstances under which the amendment was framed, that, wisely or unwisely, it unquestionably did intend to do this so far as the detriment to those rights was due to color.

THE UTICA PLATFORM.

The New York Republican platform is brief and thoroughly Republican. That is to say, it demands the protection of equal rights "by the States, if they can and will, but if they fail, then by the general government in strict conformity with the Constitution and the laws;" it denounces attempted overthrow of recognized State governments by revolution; it asserts the inviolability of the public faith, opposes inflation, and requires action looking to a speedy return of specie payments; it demands economy in public affairs, and commends the administrations of President GRANT and Governor DIX. When Judge PIERREPONT had read the resolutions, he said that Mr. BAILEY'S address would be read as an amplification of them. And when that was read, Mr. SPENCER moved to add to the whole the resolution of Mr. PRINCE approving the proposed constitutional amendments. The president, Mr. MORGAN, who in his address had warmly urged their approval, ruled the motion out of order. Mr. BLISS then moved that the address be added to the platform, which was done; and the Convention then adjourned. We do not see why Mr. SPENCER'S motion was not in order, and we certainly do not see that the Convention need to have disregarded what its president so strongly recommended.

There is nothing in the platform which should not have the hearty sympathy of all good citizens, while the action of the party hitherto shows that the declarations are all sincere. The resolution in regard to the amendments was thrown aside, doubtless because it was thought unwise for the party to adopt a doubtful issue, or to make one upon the recommendation of a commission which was equally divided between the two parties. The third term was mentioned by Mr. POMEROY, the temporary chairman, who said that he would readily support a true and faithful man for a third term. And for the same reason, probably, he would support him for a fourth. Mr. MORGAN said that there would be no need of "hurling" the President from power at the end of his term, for he always respects the nation's laws. There is, however, no law, we believe, against a third term. Mr. CONKLING, in a forcible, eloquent, and effective speech, asked whether GRANT was not preferable to any Democrat. These remarks were all received with applause. But the correspondent of the *World* said that had an anti-third-term resolution been presented, it "would have gone through the Convention like wildfire," and the Congressional Convention of Mr. CONKLING'S district has declared strongly against a third term. This, again, was an issue which the Convention did not care to adopt, for conventions like to pluck only ripe fruit. Silence, therefore, need not, in this instance, be supposed to be more expressive than it really is. We remember when equal suffrage in the Southern States was not a fruit ripe enough for a New York Republican Convention. In such a host it is the rear rank which must be considered, the brethren who do not yet quite "see it."

It is agreed that an abler or more truly representative convention of the Republicans of the State was never assembled. Among its notable and suggestive incidents was the return of Mr. MORGAN to active political life. He was made President of the Convention, and subsequently Chairman of the State Committee, and we suppose may now be regarded as a candidate for the Senate to succeed Mr. FENTON. Certainly, as a correspondent remarks, his chairmanship "means work," in which it will resemble that of his predecessor, Mr. CORNELL, who has been a most faithful, energetic, and efficient officer in a very difficult, responsible, and laborious position. And now the lists are set, and nothing remains but for every man who does not wish a Democratic restoration to do what he honorably can to make the Republican victory as splendid as it is sure.

LEGISLATIVE SALARIES.

One of the important amendments to the Constitution of New York which will be submitted to the popular vote in November is that which relates to legislative salaries. It was Dr. FRANKLIN'S hope in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 that the honor and responsibility of the national legislature would be an ample compensation for its members. This was a singular whimsey of a sagacious man, for he had himself been Postmaster-General of the colonies, and must have known how worthy is the able and honest public laborer of his hire. The present salary of Senators and Assemblymen in New York is three dollars a day for a hundred days. The session of the Legislature averages nearly four months, and the expense of living in Albany is large. The present salary, as Mr. PRINCE, in his pamphlet upon the amendments, reminds us, was fixed nearly thirty years ago, when it was adequate for a moderate rate of living at the capital. But while all other salaries have increased, those of the State officers have remained the same. Heads of departments receive $1500 to $2500, while their deputies receive $3500; and Senators and Assemblymen are paid less than their clerks and doorkeepers, the clerks of their committees, and their own messengers.

Undoubtedly the question of salary is one of the difficult problems of our practical politics. As the salary is raised the offices become prizes, like those of the Sheriff and Register in New York, and the temptation to a corrupt use of patronage in order to retain the office becomes very powerful. On the other hand, an inadequate or small legislative salary tends to restrict the members to the rich, or to the traders who mean to make politics "pay." Mr. PRINCE, whose testimony is founded upon long and shrewd observation, says that "in the majority of cases the necessity of money to pay actual expenses is the entering wedge in bringing about corruption." The venal air which is thus diffused over the Legislature necessarily degrades it, so that honest and able men hesitate to enter an arena of such ill fame.

It is evident that the State can not compete pecuniarily with individuals for the public service of its best men. The money reward of successful professional or mercantile pursuits is always very much larger than public emoluments ought to be. The State, however, offers other persuasions and compensations. It proposes the gratification of one of the highest ambitions, that of sharing in the administration of government for the benefit of human society, and to success in this service high personal distinction is always attached. This great opportunity of responsibility and honor is the true inducement to a public career, and the State should care only to provide a reasonable living for its servants. The proposed amendment to the Constitution changes the legislative salary from $300 to $1500, which, under all the circumstances, may properly be called a reasonable sum. It is not large enough to serve as a bribe, but quite large enough to save well-meaning men from feeling that the State drives a hard bargain with them, which is so often made the excuse for yielding to temptation. The amendments also provide for increasing the salary of the Governor from $4000 to $10,000—a change of which the necessity is evident enough, for the Legislature now annually increases the salary under the form of appropriations for rent, furniture, etc. The more the proposed amendments are studied, the wiser they seem, and the more deserving a hearty popular support.

NEWSPAPERS AND NOMINATIONS.

The renomination of Governor DIX is undoubtedly largely due to the early and emphatic declaration by the Republican press of the State that he was a peculiarly suitable candidate. This expression was entirely independent, and the result is another evidence of the value of independence in political suggestion and discussion. There are newspapers which think it impertinent to suggest candidates and to advocate their nomination before the Convention has decided. This is a view most grateful to all political rings and the makers of party slates, and its wisdom should therefore be suspected. It is undoubtedly true that it is the business of the Convention formally to nominate candidates, and that the people may be trusted to select those whom they prefer. But it is equally true that the people wish to select with intelligence, and are therefore willing and eager to receive suggestions and to consider candidates, as they are to reflect upon the questions which newspapers discuss. If the people in the Convention may be trusted to nominate proper candidates, so they may be trusted to adopt proper measures; but that would be a very droll reason for a newspaper to refrain from helping the popular judgment in both cases.

Moreover, a convention, as we all know, although the best method of making nominations that we have yet devised, is not a representation of the people in the general sense, but of an interested class of the people. When, therefore, the people in the true sense have a decided preference for a candidate, it is desirable that the interested class should defer to them, and the way to secure this result is to give the fullest expression to the popular wish. This can best be done, of course, by the newspapers. It has been done in the present instance, and with a result that is sure to be gratifying to every true Republican, and most serviceable to the State and country. It was the bold and firm position taken by a powerful part of the Republican press in the early winter of 1863–64 in favor of the renomination of Mr. LINCOLN that deranged the CHASE intrigue and in great degree secured the renomination. Its equally early and positive preference for General GRANT in 1871–72 greatly contributed to a similar result. If any journal had suggested that the people could nominate a proper candidate without advice from the newspapers, it would have shown a comical and curious estimate of the function of the press, for that function is not only to support candidates when they are named, but to take care that the best candidates be nominated.

THE PRESIDENT AND LOUISIANA.

Notwithstanding all the sharp censure of the President in many quarters for his original recognition of KELLOGG in Louisiana, his duty in the late events was perfectly plain. It was to suppress the revolution promptly and peremptorily. The one thing that was evident was that we were threatened with the beginning of a Mexican method in our politics. Had it received the slightest countenance, or any thing but the short and summary summons of General GRANT, with the instant movement of troops, the mischief would have been incalculable. The doctrine of "home rule" might have perplexed a less sound head than that of the victor over "home rule" organized as secession and rebellion; while the telegrams sent to Washington by PENN and various bodies in New Orleans argued gravely that because not many officers of the law had been killed, the insurrection should be acknowledged. In the Rhode Island case DORR showed an undisputed majority of votes in favor of his constitution, but the whole proceeding was irregular, and the Administration did not hesitate to sustain the actual Governor.

The situation in Louisiana has been most wretched; but let the President be judged by the facts. After the election in 1872 both KELLOGG and M'ENERY claimed to be Governor, and two Legislatures assumed to be valid. Appeal was made to the President, but he declined to interfere until resistance was made to judicial process. The President says, nor is there any reason to suppose that he deliberately tells a falsehood in a state paper, that he did not think that he had any right to review the judgment of the court. This seems to us a most serious error, not only because the Constitution in the view of the Supreme Court makes him the sole judge, but because under the act of 1870 he was made responsible for using the whole force of the Union, and it was clearly his duty not to use it until he was satisfied that it ought to be used. Under the circumstances, the judgment of a court should not have satisfied him. But there is no doubt that he acted in perfect good faith. The courts having decided the LYNCH returning board to be lawful, and action being imperative, the President recognized KELLOGG.

This he did, so far as has been shown, with entire honesty, and the proof of it is that when further investigation developed every kind of fraud, and threw the whole question into the utmost uncertainty, he referred the whole question to Congress, stating frankly that if it did nothing he should adhere to the government that he had already recognized. Congress declined to act, notwithstanding his urgent request, and its refusal was regarded by him as a virtual approval of his action. From that moment, obliged to consider one of the contestants as Governor, he sustained KELLOGG; and an insurrection against the KELLOGG administration was "the domestic violence" against which the United States guarantees every State. Meanwhile a committee of Congress reported, after investigation, that KELLOGG had not been lawfully elected, but Congress refused to order a new election. It has been a wretched business from the beginning, for which Congress is mainly responsible. But the Mexican solution sought by the M'ENERY men and the White League made it only worse, and it has been most satisfactorily and properly disposed of.

Of course the only remedy is an honest election; but KELLOGG holds his office for two years more. The President, we presume, will now insist upon Congressional attention to Louisiana. He may justly remind Congress that his previous message was not uncalled for. And as even he, who recognized KELLOGG, presently said that it was doubtful whether he were elected, and as the Congressional committee declared that he was not elected, and as the insurrection has shown how slight a popular support he has, it may be quite worth while to consider whether there is nothing to do for Louisiana but to uphold a Governor whom nobody believes to have been elected, and who is apparently sustained solely by the national power.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The New York State Republican Convention met at Utica on the 23d ult., the Hon. Edwin D. Morgan presiding. General John A. Dix was renominated for Governor, and General John C. Robinson for Lieutenant-Governor. The other nominations were, Alexander S. Barkley for Canal Commissioner, Thomas Kirkpatrick for State-prison Inspector, and Alexander S. Johnson for Judge of the Court of Appeals. The entire ticket was chosen by acclamation. The following platform was adopted:

First. That the Republicans of New York re-affirm the principles so often approved by the people, and point to the vast achievements of their party as a pledge that it is equal to every new requirement.

Second. That we demand obedience to the laws and protection of every citizen in the enjoyment of his rights against the assaults of Ku-Klux assassins and White League revolutionists, who are encouraged by every Democratic success; the protection to be given by the States, if they can and will, but if the States fail, then by the general government, in strict conformity with the Constitution and the laws.

Third. That an armed attempt to subvert the recognized government of the State is revolution, and revolution must be suppressed, and the supremacy of the law maintained at any and every cost.

Fourth. That the public faith must be preserved inviolate, and the public debt be paid in coin.

Fifth. That we oppose any inflation of the public currency, and indorse the President's veto of the inflation act. And we are in favor of an early return to specie payments, and of such action on the part of the government as will speedily secure that result.

Sixth. That taxation, whether national or State, whether direct or indirect, should be kept at the lowest practicable point permitted by economical administration and the requirements of the public credit, and should be so adjusted as to bear equally on all classes.

Seventh. That the administration of President Grant has been true to its pledges, and distinguished by achievements in domestic and foreign policy unsurpassed in the history of the country.

Eighth. That the administration of Governor Dix, in its purity, dignity, and wisdom, has fulfilled the highest expectation of the people, and we point especially to the management of the State finances, as showing the wide difference between Republican and Democratic rule; which Democratic rule was such in its profligacy as not only to consume all the heavy taxes paid by the overburdened people, but also to take $6,500,000 from the sacred deposit of the sinking fund, which the Republican administration has now made good, and increased the sinking fund from $1,000,000 to more than $17,000,000, thus relieving the people of that vast indebtedness.

The proposed amendments to the State constitution were also strongly indorsed.

The Missouri Republican State Convention was held on the the 23d ult. at St. Louis. One of the resolutions which were adopted condemns "all political organizations founded upon race or nationality as repugnant to good government."

A special dispatch from Fort Garry says: "Lieutenant-Governor Morris and party arrived here this afternoon. A treaty was successfully completed with the various tribes of Northwestern Indians on the 15th of September, and the troops were to leave on the 18th."

Governor Beveridge, of Illinois, on the 26th ult., appointed delegates to the convention to be held at Louisville, Kentucky, October 21, to consider the question of the removal of the national capital from Washington to the Mississippi Valley. Senators John A. Logan and R. J. Oglesby, J. D. Caton and D. L. Phillips, General J. W. Singleton and ex-Governor Koerner, are delegates from the State at large.

M'Enery has issued another order to the White Leaguers of Louisiana to return all State arms in their possession to the United States authorities.

An accident occurred on the 27th ult. on the Mississippi Central Railroad, near Holly Springs, by which fifteen persons were injured.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Victor Séjour, the celebrated French dramatic writer, is dead.

The Russian government, in view of the extensive emigration of Mennonites, has promised to exempt members of that sect from actual military service, but still holds them liable to do duty as hospital attendants and surgeons.

The Prince of Wales has accepted the Grand Mastership of the order of Freemasons in Great Britain.

The United States having joined the Postal Union, its delegates in the International Congress are enabled to introduce a uniform rate of postage for the whole territory embraced by the union. Should England refuse to join the union, German and American vessels will carry the mails to and from the United States.

The members of the Austrian Arctic Expedition arrived at Vienna on the 25th ult. They had a public reception, and were escorted in triumph through the principal streets, which were decorated with flags.

A Carlist dispatch from Tolosa reports that General Perula has carried the village of Bicarun by storm, totally defeating ten battalions under General Moriones, with heavy loss to the latter.

The river Segre, running through the province of Lerida, Spain, overflowed its banks recently, causing great damage to property and serious loss of life. In the town of Tarrega, twenty-five miles distant, as many as 200 houses were swept away, and many persons were drowned. The bridge between San Augustin and Lerida was destroyed.

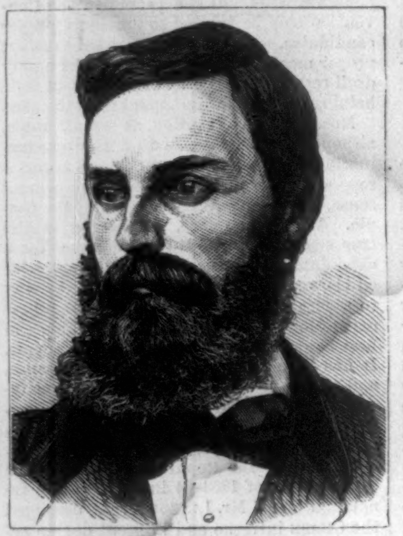
Dispatches from Madrid say that President Serrano will probably take command of the central army, and meanwhile General Jovellar will replace General Pavia.

The Empress Augusta has called a meeting of delegates from all the women's associations of Germany, to be held in Berlin this month. The Queens of Würtemberg and Saxony, the Grand Duchess of Baden, and Princess Alice of Hesse have promised to attend.

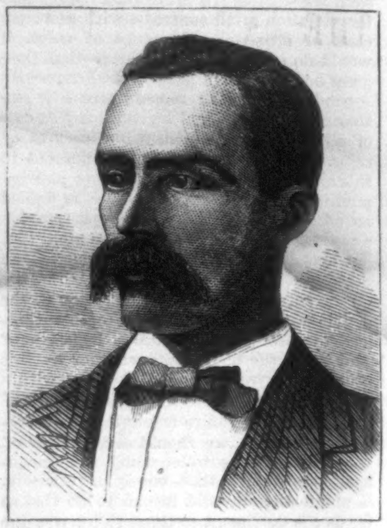
The report which was originally published by the *Pall Mall Gazette* that Prince Bismarck had made proposals for the incorporation of Denmark with the German Empire is pronounced to be absolutely false.

A boundary dispute between Switzerland and Italy, which was referred to Hon. George P. Marsh, the United States minister at Rome, for arbitration, has been decided by him in favor of Italy, which thereby acquires 1800 acres of territory.

T. S. DAKIN.


HENRY FULTON.

L. L. HEPBURN.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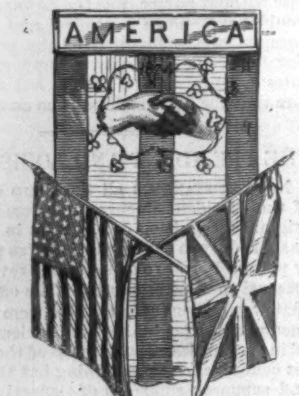
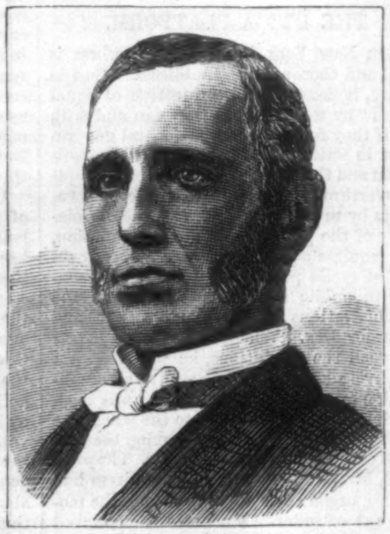
G. W. YALE.



THE BADGE.

THE CUP.


JOHN BODINE.

Dr. J. B. Hamilton. Major Arthur B. Leech. Captain P. Walker. J. K. Milner. J. Rigby. Edmund Johnson. James Wilson.

THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH—THE AMERICAN AND IRISH TEAMS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 838.]

THE LAW AND THE LADY:

A Novel.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "ARMADALE," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE MOONSTONE," ETC.

Part I.—Paradise Lost.

CHAPTER I.

THE BRIDE'S MISTAKE.

"FOR after this manner in the old time the holy women also who trusted in God adorned themselves, being in subjection unto their own husbands; even as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord; whose daughters ye are as long as ye do well, and are not afraid with any amazement."

Concluding the Marriage Service of the Church of England in those well-known words, my uncle Starkweather shut up his book, and looked at me across the altar rails with a hearty expression of interest on his broad red face. At the same time my aunt, Mrs. Starkweather, standing by my side, tapped me smartly on the shoulder, and said,

"Valeria, you are married!"

Where were my thoughts? What had become of my attention? I was too bewildered to know. I started and looked at my new husband. He seemed to be almost as much bewildered as I was. The same thought had, as I believe, occurred to us both at the same moment. Was it really possible—in spite of his mother's opposition to our marriage—that we were Man and Wife? My aunt Starkweather settled the question by a second tap on my shoulder.

"Take his arm!" she whispered, in the tone of a woman who had lost all patience with me.

I took his arm.

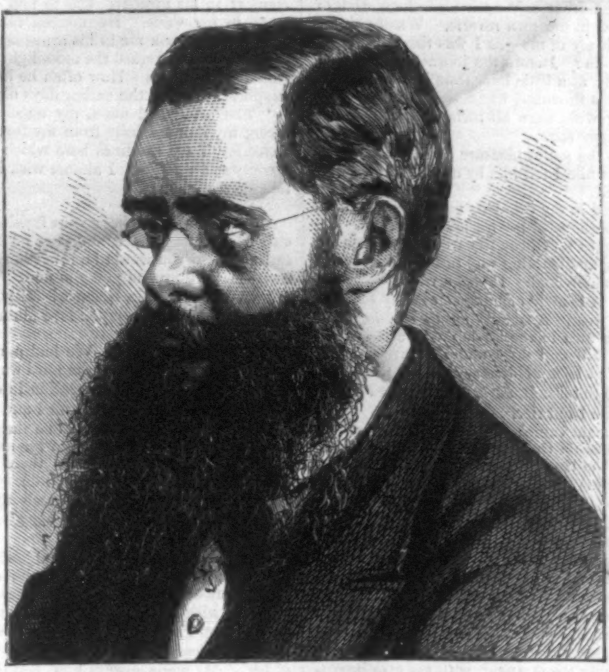
"Follow your uncle."

Holding fast by my husband's arm, I followed my uncle and the curate who had assisted him at the marriage.

The two clergymen led us into the vestry. The church was in one of the dreary quarters of London, situated between the City and the West End; the day was dull; the atmosphere was heavy and damp. We were a melancholy little wedding party, worthy of the dreary neighborhood and the dull day. No relatives or friends of my husband's were present; his family, as I have already hinted, disapproved of his marriage. Except my uncle and my aunt, no other relations appeared on my side. I had lost both my parents, and I had but few friends. My dear father's faithful old clerk, Benjamin, attended the wedding to "give me away," as the phrase is. He had known me from a child, and, in my forlorn position, he was as good as a father to me.

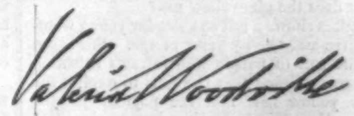
The last ceremony left to be performed was, as usual, the signing of the marriage register. In the confusion of the moment I committed a mistake — ominous, in my aunt Starkweather's opinion, of evil to come. I signed my maiden instead of my married name.

"What!" cried my uncle, in his loudest and cheeriest tones, "you can't realize that you are a married woman yet? Ah, well, well! you will find it out, my girl, before long. Try again, Valeria—try again."

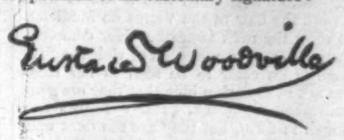


WILKIE COLLINS.

With trembling fingers I struck the pen through my first effort, and wrote my married name, very badly, indeed, as follows:



When it came to my husband's turn I noticed, with surprise, that *his* hand trembled too, and that *he* produced a very poor specimen of his customary signature:



My aunt, on being requested to sign, complied under protest. "A bad beginning!" she said, pointing to my first unfortunate signature with the feather end of her pen. "I hope, my dear, you may not live to regret it."

Even then, in the days of my ignorance and my innocence, that curious outbreak of my aunt's superstition produced a certain uneasy sensation in my mind. It was a consolation to me to feel the re-assuring pressure of my husband's hand. It was an indescribable relief to hear my uncle's hearty voice wishing me a happy life at parting. The good man had left his north-country Vicarage (my home since the death of my parents) expressly to read the service at my marriage; and he and my aunt had arranged to return by the mid-day train. He folded me in his great strong arms, and he gave me a kiss which must certainly have been heard by the idlers waiting for the bride and bridegroom outside the church door. "I wish you health and happiness, my love, with all my heart. You are old enough to choose for yourself, and —no offense, Mr. Woodville, you and I are new friends — and I pray God, Valeria, it may turn out that you have chosen well. Our house will be dreary enough without you; but I don't complain, my dear. On the contrary, if this change in your life makes you happier, I rejoice. Come, come! don't cry, or you will set your aunt off—and it's no joke at her time of life. Besides, crying will spoil your beauty. Dry your eyes and look in the glass there, and you will see that I am right. Good-by, child—and God bless you!"

He tucked my aunt under his arm, and hurried out. My heart sank a little, dearly as I loved my husband, when I had seen the last of the true friend and protector of my maiden days.

The parting with old Benjamin came next. "I wish you well, my dear; don't forget me," was all he said. But the old days at home came back on me at those few words. Benjamin always dined with us on Sundays in my father's time, and always brought some little present with him for his master's child. I was very near to "spoiling my beauty" (as my uncle had put it) when I offered the old man my cheek to kiss, and heard him sigh to himself, as if he too was not quite hopeful about my future life.

My husband's voice roused me, and turned my mind to happier thoughts.

"Shall we go, Valeria?" he asked.

I stopped him

"OUR EYES ENCOUNTERED, AND I VERILY BELIEVE OUR HEARTS ENCOUNTERED AT THE SAME MOMENT."

on our way out to take advantage of my uncle's advice; in other words, to see how I looked in the glass over the vestry fire-place.

What does the glass show me?

The glass shows a tall and slender young woman of three-and-twenty years of age. She is not at all the sort of person who attracts attention in the street, seeing that she fails to exhibit the popular yellow hair and the popular painted cheeks. Her hair is black; dressed, in these later days (as it was dressed years since to please her father), in broad ripples drawn back from the forehead, and gathered into a simple knot behind (like the hair of the Venus de Medicis), so as to show the neck beneath. Her complexion is pale: except in moments of violent agitation there is no color to be seen in her face. Her eyes are of so dark a blue that they are generally mistaken for black. Her eyebrows are well enough in form, but they are too dark and too strongly marked. Her nose just inclines toward the aquiline bend, and is considered a little too large by persons difficult to please in the matter of noses. The mouth, her best feature, is very delicately shaped, and is capable of presenting great varieties of expression. As to the face in general, it is too narrow and too long at the lower part, too broad and too low in the higher regions of the eyes and the head. The whole picture, as reflected in the glass, represents a woman of some elegance, rather too pale, and rather too sedate and serious in her moments of silence and repose—in short, a person who fails to strike the ordinary observer at first sight, but who gains in general estimation on a second, and sometimes even on a third view. As for her dress, it studiously conceals, instead of proclaiming, that she has been married that morning. She wears a gray cashmere tunic trimmed with gray silk, and having a skirt of the same material and color beneath it. On her head is a bonnet to match, relieved by a quilling of white muslin, with one deep red rose, as a morsel of positive color, to complete the effect of the whole dress.

Have I succeeded or failed in describing the picture of myself which I see in the glass? It is not for me to say. I have done my best to keep clear of the two vanities—the vanity of depreciating and the vanity of praising my own personal appearance. For the rest, well written or badly written, thank Heaven it is done!

And whom do I see in the glass standing by my side?

I see a man who is not quite so tall as I am, and who has the misfortune of looking older than his years. His forehead is prematurely bald. His big chestnut-colored beard and his long overhanging mustache are prematurely streaked with gray. He has the color in the face which my face wants, and the firmness in his figure which my figure wants. He looks at me with the tenderest and gentlest eyes (of a light brown) that I ever saw in the countenance of a man. His smile is rare and sweet; his manner, perfectly quiet and retiring, has yet a latent persuasiveness in it which is (to women) irresistibly winning. He just halts a little in his walk, from the effect of an injury received in past years, when he was a soldier serving in India, and he carries a thick bamboo cane, with a curious crutch handle (an old favorite), to help himself along whenever he gets on his feet, in doors or out. With this one little drawback (if it *is* a drawback), there is nothing infirm, or old, or awkward about him; his slight limp when he walks has (perhaps to my partial eyes) a certain quaint grace of its own which is pleasanter to see than the unrestrained activity of other men. And last and best of all, I love him! I love him! I love him! And there is an end of my portrait of my husband on our wedding-day.

The glass has told me all I want to know. We leave the vestry at last.

The sky, cloudy since the morning, has darkened while we have been in the church, and the rain is beginning to fall heavily. The idlers outside stare at us grimly under their umbrellas as we pass through their ranks and hasten into our carriage. No cheering; no sunshine; no flowers strewn in our path; no grand breakfast; no genial speeches; no bride-maids; no father's or mother's blessing. A dreary wedding—there is no denying it—and (if Aunt Starkweather is right) a bad beginning as well!

A *coupé* has been reserved for us at the railway station. The attentive porter, on the lookout for his fee, pulls down the blinds over the side windows of the carriage, and shuts out all prying eyes in that way. After what seems to be an interminable delay the train starts. My husband winds his arm round me. "At last!" he whispers, with love in his eyes that no words can utter, and presses me to him gently. My arm steals round his neck; my eyes answer his eyes. Our lips meet in the first long, lingering kiss of our married life.

Oh, what recollections of that journey rise in me as I write! Let me dry my eyes, and shut up my paper for the day.

CHAPTER II.

THE BRIDE'S THOUGHTS.

WE had been traveling for a little more than an hour when a change passed insensibly over us both.

Still sitting close together, with my hand in his, with my head on his shoulder, little by little we fell insensibly into silence. Had we already exhausted the narrow yet eloquent vocabulary of love? Or had we determined by unexpressed consent, after enjoying the luxury of passion that speaks, to try the deeper and finer rapture of passion that thinks? I can hardly determine; I only know that a time came when, under some strange influence, our lips were closed toward each other. We traveled along, each of us absorbed in our own reverie. Was he thinking exclusively of me—as I was thinking exclusively of him? Before the journey's end I had my doubts; at a little later time I knew for certain that his thoughts, wandering far away from his young wife, were all turned inward on his own unhappy self.

For me the secret pleasure of filling my mind with him, while I felt him by my side, was a luxury in itself.

I pictured in my thoughts our first meeting in the neighborhood of my uncle's house.

Our famous north-country trout stream wound its flashing and foaming way through a ravine in the rocky moor-land. It was a windy, shadowy evening. A heavily clouded sunset lay low and red in the west. A solitary angler stood casting his fly at a turn in the stream where the back-water lay still and deep under an overhanging bank. A girl (myself) standing on the bank, invisible to the fisherman beneath, waited eagerly to see the trout rise.

The moment came; the fish took the fly.

Sometimes on the little level strip of sand at the foot of the bank, sometimes (when the stream turned again) in the shallower water rushing over its rocky bed, the angler followed the captured trout, now letting the line run out, and now winding it in again, in the difficult and delicate process of "playing" the fish. Along the bank I followed to watch the contest of skill and cunning between the man and the trout. I had lived long enough with my uncle Starkweather to catch some of his enthusiasm for field sports, and to learn something, especially, of the angler's art. Still following the stranger, with my eyes intently fixed on every movement of his rod and line, and with not so much as a chance fragment of my attention to spare for the rough path along which I was walking, I stepped by chance on the loose overhanging earth at the edge of the bank, and fell into the stream in an instant.

The distance was trifling, the water was shallow, the bed of the river was (fortunately for me) of sand. Beyond the fright and the wetting I had nothing to complain of. In a few moments I was out of the water and up again, very much ashamed of myself, on the firm ground. Short as the interval was, it proved long enough to favor the escape of the fish. The angler had heard my first instinctive cry of alarm, had turned, and had thrown aside his rod to help me. We confronted each other for the first time, I on the bank and he in the shallow water below. Our eyes encountered, and I verily believe our hearts encountered at the same moment. This I know for certain, we forgot our breeding as lady and gentleman; we looked at each other in barbarous silence.

I was the first to recover myself. What did I say to him?

I said something about my not being hurt, and then something more, urging him to run back and try if he might not yet recover the fish.

He went back unwillingly. He returned to me—of course without the fish. Knowing how bitterly disappointed my uncle would have been in his place, I apologized very earnestly. In my eagerness to make atonement I even offered to show him a spot where he might try again, lower down the stream.

He would not hear of it; he entreated me to go home and change my wet dress. I cared nothing for the wetting, but I obeyed him without knowing why.

He walked with me. My way back to the Vicarage was his way back to the inn. He had come to our parts, he told me, for the quiet and retirement as much as for the fishing. He had noticed me once or twice from the window of his room at the inn. He asked if I was not the vicar's daughter.

I set him right. I told him that the vicar had married my mother's sister, and that the two had been father and mother to me since the death of my parents. He asked if he might venture to call on Doctor Starkweather the next day, mentioning the name of a friend of his, with whom he believed the vicar to be acquainted. I invited him to visit us, as if it had been my house; I was spell-bound under his eyes and under his voice. I had fancied, honestly fancied, myself to have been in love often and often before this time. Never in any other man's company had I felt as I now felt in the presence of *this* man. Night seemed to fall suddenly over the evening landscape when he left me. I leaned against the Vicarage gate. I could not breathe, I could not think; my heart fluttered as if it would fly out of my bosom—and all this for a stranger! I burned with shame; but oh, in spite of it all, I was so happy!

And now, when little more than a few weeks had passed since that first meeting, I had him by my side; he was mine for life! I lifted my head from his bosom to look at him. I was like a child with a new toy—I wanted to make sure that he was really my own.

He never noticed the action; he never moved in his corner of the carriage. Was he deep in his own thoughts? and were they thoughts of Me?

I laid down my head again softly, so as not to disturb him. My thoughts wandered backward once more, and showed me another picture in the golden gallery of the past.

The garden at the Vicarage formed the new scene. The time was night. We had met together in secret. We were walking slowly to and fro, out of sight of the house, now in the shadowy paths of the shrubbery, now in the lovely moonlight on the open lawn.

We had long since owned our love, and devoted our lives to each other. Already our interests were one; already we shared the pleasures and the pains of life. I had gone out to meet him that night with a heavy heart, to seek comfort in his presence, and to find encouragement in his voice. He noticed that I sighed when he first took me in his arms, and he gently turned my head toward the moonlight to read my trouble in my face. How often he had read my happiness there in the earlier days of our love!

"You bring bad news, my angel," he said, lifting my hair tenderly from my forehead as he spoke. "I see the lines here which tell me of anxiety and distress. I almost wish I loved you less dearly, Valeria."

"Why?"

"I might give you back your freedom. I have only to leave this place, and your uncle would be satisfied, and you would be relieved from all the cares that are pressing on you now."

"Don't speak of it, Eustace! If you want me to forget my cares, say you love me more dearly than ever."

He said it in a kiss. We had a moment of exquisite forgetfulness of the hard ways of life—a moment of delicious absorption in each other. I came back to realities fortified and composed, rewarded for all that I had gone through, ready to go through it all over again for another kiss. Only give a woman love, and there is nothing she will not venture, suffer, and do.

"Have they been raising fresh objections to our marriage?" he asked, as we slowly walked on again.

"No, they have done with objecting. They have remembered at last that I am of age, and that I can choose for myself. They have been pleading with me, Eustace, to give you up. My aunt, whom I thought rather a hard woman, has been crying—for the first time in my experience of her. My uncle, always kind and good to me, has been kinder and better than ever. He has told me that if I persist in becoming your wife, I shall not be deserted on my wedding-day. Wherever we may marry he will be there to read the service, and my aunt will go to the church with me. But he entreats me to consider seriously what I am doing—to consent to a separation from you for a time—to consult other people on my position toward you, if I am not satisfied with his opinion. Oh, my darling, they are as anxious to part us as if you were the worst instead of the best of men!"

"Has any thing happened since yesterday to increase their distrust of me?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"You remember referring my uncle to a friend of yours and of his?"

"Yes. To Major Fitz-David."

"My uncle has written to Major Fitz-David."

"Why?"

He pronounced that one word in a tone so utterly unlike his natural tone that his voice sounded quite strange to me.

"You won't be angry, Eustace, if I tell you?" I said. "My uncle, as I understood him, had several motives for writing to the major. One of them was to inquire if he knew your mother's address."

Eustace suddenly stood still.

I paused at the same moment, feeling that I could venture no farther without the risk of offending him.

To speak the truth, his conduct, when he first mentioned our engagement to my uncle, had been (so far as appearances went) a little flighty and strange. The vicar had naturally questioned him about his family. He had answered that his father was dead; and he had consented, though not very readily, to announce his contemplated marriage to his mother. Informing us that she too lived in the country, he had gone to see her, without more particularly mentioning her address. In two days he had returned to the Vicarage with a very startling message. His mother intended no disrespect to me or my relatives, but she disapproved so absolutely of her son's marriage that she (and the members of her family, who all agreed with her) would refuse to be present at the ceremony, if Mr. Woodville persisted in keeping his engagement with Doctor Starkweather's niece. Being asked to explain this extraordinary communication, Eustace had told us that his mother and his sisters were bent on his marrying another lady, and that they were bitterly mortified and disappointed by his choosing a stranger to the family. This explanation was enough for me; it implied, so far as I was concerned, a compliment to my superior influence over Eustace, which a woman always receives with pleasure. But it failed to satisfy my uncle and my aunt. The vicar expressed to Mr. Woodville a wish to write to his mother, or to see her, on the subject of her strange message. Eustace obstinately declined to mention his mother's address, on the ground that the vicar's interference would be utterly useless. My uncle at once drew the conclusion that the mystery about the address indicated something wrong. He refused to favor Mr. Woodville's renewed proposal for my hand, and he wrote the same day to make inquiries of Mr. Woodville's reference and of his own friend Major Fitz-David.

Under such circumstances as these, to speak of my uncle's motives was to venture on very delicate ground. Eustace relieved me from further embarrassment by asking a question to which I could easily reply.

"Has your uncle received any answer from Major Fitz-David?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Were you allowed to read it?" His voice sank as he said those words; his face betrayed a sudden anxiety which it pained me to see.

"I have got the answer with me to show you," I said.

He almost snatched the letter out of my hand; he turned his back on me to read it by the light of the moon. The letter was short enough to be soon read. I could have repeated it at the time. I can repeat it now.

"DEAR VICAR,—Mr. Eustace Woodville is quite correct in stating to you that he is a gentleman by birth and position, and that he inherits (under his deceased father's will) an independent fortune of two thousand a year.

"Always yours,

"LAWRENCE FITZ-DAVID."

"Can any body wish for a plainer answer than that?" Eustace asked, handing the letter back to me.

"If *I* had written for information about you," I answered, "it would have been plain enough for me."

"Is it not plain enough for your uncle?"

"No."

"What does he say?"

"Why need you care to know, my darling?"

"I want to know, Valeria. There must be no secret between us in this matter. Did your uncle say any thing when he showed you the major's letter?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"My uncle told me that his letter of inquiry filled three pages, and he bade me observe that the major's answer contained one sentence only. He said, 'I volunteered to go to Major Fitz-David and talk the matter over. You see he takes no notice of my proposal. I asked him for the address of Mr. Woodville's mother. He passes over my request, as he has passed over my proposal—he studiously confines himself to the shortest possible statement of bare facts. Use your own common-sense, Valeria. Isn't this rudeness rather remarkable on the part of a man who is a gentleman by birth and breeding, and who is also a friend of mine?'"

Eustace stopped me there.

"Did you answer your uncle's question?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "I only said that I did not understand the major's conduct."

"And what did your uncle say next? If you love me, Valeria, tell me the truth."

"He used very strong language, Eustace. He is an old man; you must not be offended with him."

"I am not offended. What did he say?"

"He said, 'Mark my words! There is something under the surface in connection with Mr. Woodville, or with his family, to which Major Fitz-David is not at liberty to allude. Properly interpreted, Valeria, that letter is a warning. Show it to Mr. Woodville, and tell him (if you like) what I have just told you—'"

Eustace stopped me again.

"You are sure your uncle said those words?" he asked, scanning my face attentively in the moonlight.

"Quite sure. But I don't say what my uncle says. Pray don't think that!"

He suddenly pressed me to his bosom, and fixed his eyes on mine. His look frightened me.

"Good-by, Valeria!" he said. "Try and think kindly of me, my darling, when you are married to some happier man."

He attempted to leave me. I clung to him in an agony of terror that shook me from head to foot.

"What do you mean?" I asked, as soon as I could speak. "I am yours and yours only. What have I said, what have I done, to deserve those dreadful words?"

"We must part, my angel," he answered, sadly. "The fault is none of yours; the misfortune is all mine. My Valeria! how can you marry a man who is an object of suspicion to your nearest and dearest friends? I have led a dreary life. I have never found in any other woman the sympathy with me, the sweet comfort and companionship, that I find in you. Oh, it is hard to lose you! it is hard to go back again to my unfriended life! I must make the sacrifice, love, for your sake. I know no more why that letter is what it is than you do. Will your uncle believe me? will your friends believe me? One last kiss, Valeria! Forgive me for having loved you—passionately, devotedly loved you. Forgive me—and let me go!"

I held him desperately, recklessly. His eyes put me beside myself; his words filled me with a frenzy of despair.

"Go where you may," I said, "I go with you! Friends—reputation—I care nothing who I lose, or what I lose. Oh, Eustace, I am only a woman—don't madden me! I can't live without you. I must and will be your wife!"

Those wild words were all I could say before the misery and madness in me forced their way outward in a burst of sobs and tears.

He yielded. He soothed me with his charming voice; he brought me back to myself with his tender caresses. He called the bright heaven above us to witness that he devoted his whole life to me. He vowed—oh, in such solemn, such eloquent words!—that his one thought, night and day, should be to prove himself worthy of such love as mine. And had he not nobly redeemed the pledge? Had not the betrothal of that memorable night been followed by the betrothal at the altar, by the vows before God? Ah, what a life was before me! What more than mortal happiness was mine!

Again I lifted my head from his bosom to taste the dear delight of seeing him by my side—my life, my love, my husband, my own!

Hardly awakened yet from the absorbing memories of the past to the sweet realities of the present, I let my cheek touch his cheek, I whispered to him, softly, "Oh, how I love you! how I love you!"

The next instant I started back from him. My heart stood still. I put my hand up to my face. What did I feel on my cheek? (*I* had not been weeping—I was too happy.) What did I feel on my cheek? A tear!

His face was still averted from me. I turned

it toward me, with my own hands, by main force.

I looked at him—and saw my husband, on our wedding-day, with his eyes full of tears.

CHAPTER III.

RAMSGATE SANDS.

Eustace succeeded in quieting my alarm. But I can hardly say that he succeeded in satisfying my mind as well.

He had been thinking, he told me, of the contrast between his past and his present life. Bitter remembrance of the years that had gone had risen in his memory, and had filled him with melancholy misgivings of his capacity to make my life with him a happy one. He had asked himself if he had not met me too late—if he was not already a man soured and broken by the disappointments and disenchantments of the past? Doubts such as these, weighing more and more heavily on his mind, had filled his eyes with the tears which I had discovered—tears which he now entreated me, by my love for him, to dismiss from my memory forever.

I forgave him, comforted him, revived him; but there were moments when the remembrance of what I had seen troubled me in secret, and when I asked myself if I really possessed my husband's full confidence as he possessed mine.

We left the train at Ramsgate.

The favorite watering-place was empty; the season was just over. Our arrangements for the wedding tour included a cruise to the Mediterranean in a yacht lent to Eustace by a friend. We were both fond of the sea, and we were equally desirous, considering the circumstances under which we had married, of escaping the notice of friends and acquaintances. With this object in view, having celebrated our marriage privately in London, we had decided on instructing the sailing-master of the yacht to join us at Ramsgate. At this port (when the season for visitors was at an end) we could embark far more privately than at the popular yachting stations situated in the Isle of Wight.

Three days passed—days of delicious solitude, of exquisite happiness, never to be forgotten, never to be lived over again, to the end of our lives!

Early on the morning of the fourth day, just before sunrise, a trifling incident happened, which was noticeable, nevertheless, as being strange to me in my experience of myself.

I awoke, suddenly and unaccountably, from a deep and dreamless sleep with an all-pervading sensation of nervous uneasiness which I had never felt before. In the old days at the Vicarage my capacity as a sound sleeper had been the subject of many a little harmless joke. From the moment when my head was on the pillow I had never known what it was to wake until the maid knocked at my door. At all seasons and times the long and uninterrupted repose of a child was the repose that I enjoyed.

And now I had awakened, without any assignable cause, hours before my usual time. I tried to compose myself to sleep again. The effort was useless. Such a restlessness possessed me that I was not even able to lie still in the bed. My husband was sleeping soundly by my side. In the fear of disturbing him I rose, and put on my dressing-gown and slippers.

I went to the window. The sun was just rising over the calm gray sea. For a while the majestic spectacle before me exercised a tranquilizing influence on the irritable condition of my nerves. But ere long the old restlessness returned upon me. I walked slowly to and fro in the room, until I was weary of the monotony of the exercise. I took up a book, and laid it aside again. My attention wandered; the author was powerless to recall it. I got on my feet once more, and looked at Eustace, and admired him and loved him in his tranquil sleep. I went back to the window, and wearied of the beautiful morning. I sat down before the glass and looked at myself. How haggard and worn I was already, through waking before my usual time! I rose again, not knowing what to do next. The confinement to the four walls of the room began to be intolerable to me. I opened the door that led into my husband's dressing-room, and entered it, to try if the change would relieve me.

The first object that I noticed was his dressing-case, open on the toilet-table.

I took out the bottles and pots and brushes and combs, the knives and scissors in one compartment, the writing materials in another. I smelt the perfumes and pomatums; I busily cleaned and dusted the bottles with my handkerchief as I took them out. Little by little I completely emptied the dressing-case. It was lined with blue velvet. In one corner I noticed a tiny slip of loose blue silk. Taking it between my finger and thumb, and drawing it upward, I discovered that there was a false bottom to the case, forming a secret compartment for letters and papers. In my strange condition—capricious, idle, inquisitive—it was an amusement to me to take out the papers, just as I had taken out every thing else.

I found some receipted bills, which failed to interest me; some letters, which it is needless to say I laid aside after only looking at the addresses; and, under all, a photograph, face downward, with writing on the back of it. I looked at the writing, and saw these words:

"To my dear son, Eustace."

His mother! the woman who had so obstinately and mercilessly opposed herself to our marriage!

I eagerly turned the photograph, expecting to see a woman with a stern, ill-tempered, forbidding countenance. To my surprise, the face showed the remains of great beauty; the expression, though remarkably firm, was yet winning, tender, and kind. The gray hair was arranged in rows of little quaint old-fashioned curls on either side of the head, under a plain lace cap. At one corner of the mouth there was a mark, apparently a mole, which added to the characteristic peculiarity of the face. I looked and looked, fixing the portrait thoroughly in my mind. This woman, who had almost insulted me and my relatives, was, beyond all doubt or dispute, so far as appearances went, a person possessing unusual attractions—a person whom it would be a pleasure and a privilege to know.

I fell into deep thought. The discovery of the photograph quieted me as nothing had quieted me yet.

The striking of a clock down stairs in the hall warned me of the flight of time. I carefully put back all the objects in the dressing-case (beginning with the photograph) exactly as I had found them, and returned to the bedroom. As I looked at my husband still sleeping peacefully, the question forced itself into my mind, What had made that genial, gentle mother of his so sternly bent on parting us? so harshly and pitilessly resolute in asserting her disapproval of our marriage?

Could I put my question openly to Eustace when he woke? No; I was afraid to venture that length. It had been tacitly understood between us that we were not to speak of his mother—and, besides, he might be angry if he knew that I had opened the private compartment of his dressing-case.

After breakfast that morning we had news at last of the yacht. The vessel was safely moored in the inner harbor, and the sailing-master was waiting to receive my husband's orders on board.

Eustace hesitated at asking me to accompany him to the yacht. It would be necessary for him to examine the inventory of the vessel, and to decide questions, not very interesting to a woman, relating to charts and barometers, provisions and water. He asked me if I would wait for his return. The day was enticingly beautiful, and the tide was on the ebb. I pleaded for a walk on the sands; and the landlady at our lodgings, who happened to be in the room at the time, volunteered to accompany me and take care of me. It was agreed that we should walk as far as we felt inclined, in the direction of Broadstairs, and that Eustace should follow and meet us on the sands, after having completed his arrangements on board the yacht.

In half an hour more the landlady and I were out on the beach.

The scene on that fine autumn morning was nothing less than enchanting. The brisk breeze, the brilliant sky, the flashing blue sea, the sunbright cliffs and the tawny sands at their feet, the gliding procession of ships on the great marine highway of the English Channel—it was all so exhilarating, it was all so delightful, that I really believe if I had been by myself I could have danced for joy like a child. The one drawback to my happiness was the landlady's untiring tongue. She was a forward, good-natured, empty-headed woman, who persisted in talking, whether I listened or not, and who had a habit of perpetually addressing me as "Mrs. Woodville," which I thought a little overfamiliar as an assertion of equality from a person in her position to a person in mine.

We had been out, I should think, more than half an hour, when we overtook a lady walking before us on the beach.

Just as we were about to pass the stranger she took her handkerchief from her pocket, and accidentally drew out with it a letter, which fell, unnoticed by her, on the sand. I was nearest to the letter, and I picked it up and offered it to the lady.

The instant she turned to thank me, I stood rooted to the spot. There was the original of the photographic portrait in the dressing-case! there was my husband's mother, standing face to face with me! I recognized the quaint little gray curls, the gentle, genial expression, the mole at the corner of the mouth. No mistake was possible. His mother herself!

The old lady, naturally enough, mistook my confusion for shyness. With perfect tact and kindness she entered into conversation with me. In another minute I was walking side by side with the woman who had sternly repudiated me as a member of her family; feeling, I own, terribly discomposed, and not knowing in the least whether I ought or ought not to assume the responsibility, in my husband's absence, of telling her who I was.

In another minute my familiar landlady, walking on the other side of my mother-in-law, decided the question for me. I happened to say that I supposed we must by that time be near the end of our walk—the little watering-place called Broadstairs. "Oh no, Mrs. Woodville!" cried the irrepressible woman, calling me by my name, as usual; "nothing like so near as you think!"

I looked with a beating heart at the old lady.

To my unutterable amazement, not the faintest gleam of recognition appeared in her face. Old Mrs. Woodville went on talking to young Mrs. Woodville just as composedly as if she had never heard her own name before in her life!

My face and manner must have betrayed something of the agitation that I was suffering. Happening to look at me at the end of her next sentence, the old lady started, and said, in her kindly way,

"I am afraid you have overexerted yourself. You are very pale—you are looking quite exhausted. Come and sit down here; let me lend you my smelling-bottle."

I followed her, quite helplessly, to the base of the cliff. Some fallen fragments of chalk offered us a seat. I vaguely heard the voluble landlady's expressions of sympathy and regret; I mechanically took the smelling-bottle which my husband's mother offered to me, after hearing my name, as an act of kindness to a stranger.

If I had only had myself to think of, I believe I should have provoked an explanation on the spot. But I had Eustace to think of. I was entirely ignorant of the relations, hostile or friendly, which existed between his mother and himself. What could I do?

In the mean time the old lady was still speaking to me with the most considerate sympathy. She too was fatigued, she said. She had passed a weary night at the bedside of a near relative staying at Ramsgate. Only the day before she had received a telegram announcing that one of her sisters was seriously ill. She was herself, thank God, still active and strong, and she had thought it her duty to start at once for Ramsgate. Toward the morning the state of the patient had improved. "The doctor assures me, ma'am, that there is no immediate danger; and I thought it might revive me, after my long night at the bedside, if I took a little walk on the beach."

I heard the words—I understood what they meant—but I was still too bewildered and too intimidated by my extraordinary position to be able to continue the conversation. The landlady had a sensible suggestion to make—the landlady was the next person who spoke.

"Here is a gentleman coming," she said to me, pointing in the direction of Ramsgate. "You can never walk back. Shall we ask him to send a chaise from Broadstairs to the gap in the cliff?"

The gentleman advanced a little nearer.

The landlady and I recognized him at the same moment. It was Eustace coming to meet us, as we had arranged. The irrepressible landlady gave the freest expression to her feelings. "Oh, Mrs. Woodville, ain't it lucky? here is Mr. Woodville himself."

Once more I looked at my mother-in-law. Once more the name failed to produce the slightest effect on her. Her sight was not so keen as ours; she had not recognized her son yet. *He* had young eyes like us, and he recognized his mother. For a moment he stopped like a man thunderstruck. Then he came on—his ruddy face white with suppressed emotion, his eyes fixed on his mother.

"You here!" he said to her.

"How do you do, Eustace?" she quietly rejoined. "Have *you* heard of your aunt's illness too? Did you know she was staying at Ramsgate?"

He made no answer. The landlady, drawing the inevitable inference from the words that she had just heard, looked from me to my mother-in-law in a state of amazement, which paralyzed even *her* tongue. I waited, with my eyes on my husband, to see what he would do. If he had delayed acknowledging me another moment, the whole future course of my life might have been altered—I should have despised him.

He did *not* delay. He came to my side and took my hand.

"Do you know who this is?" he said to his mother.

She answered, looking at me with a courteous bend of her head:

"A lady I met on the beach, Eustace, who kindly restored to me a letter that I dropped. I think I heard the name" (she turned to the landlady): "Mrs. Woodville, was it not?"

My husband's fingers unconsciously closed on my hand with a grasp that hurt me. He set his mother right, it is only just to say, without one cowardly moment of hesitation.

"Mother," he said to her, very quietly, "this lady is my wife."

She had hitherto kept her seat. She now rose slowly and faced her son in silence. The first expression of surprise passed from her face. It was succeeded by the most terrible look of mingled indignation and contempt that I ever saw in a woman's eyes.

"I pity your wife," she said.

With those words and no more, lifting her hand she waved him back from her, and went on her way again, as we had found her, alone.

[to be continued.]

THE FALL RIVER DISASTER.

The full accounts of the burning of the Granite Mill at Fall River, of which we give several illustrations on page 841, show that the means of escape provided were entirely inadequate to the emergency. The mill was a large structure, 328 feet long, 70 feet wide, and six stories in height. Over 330 persons were employed on the premises, of whom 87 were on the fifth and sixth floors and 36 on the fourth floor, where the fire originated in the machinery. The ordinary means of exit were a stone tower in the middle and outside of the building, with a wooden stairway connecting with each floor, and an elevator running from the basement to the upper story. There were besides several fire-escape iron ladders fixed on the walls, and communicating with the floors at the windows. It was doubtless thought that these means were ample, and that had there been no panic all the operatives might have escaped in safety. But there was a panic, as there always must be at such a time, and means of escape can not be considered ample that do not provide for such an emergency. If people threatened by death in one of its most horrible forms could keep cool and collected, they could make use of the means provided for their safety; but as a matter of fact they do not keep cool, they always grow frantic and lose their senses, and this is just what must be provided for. In the case of the Fall River disaster, the flames almost immediately spread to the wooden stairway in the tower and cut off that means of escape. Then the machinery was stopped, and the elevator was rendered useless. There remained only the iron fire-escapes. To descend from the top of a lofty building by a perpendicular ladder is not an easy matter for a woman or child at any time; it is preposterous to suppose that they could save themselves in this way with the building filled with blinding, suffocating smoke, the flames bursting through every floor, and every window crowded with frantic people. Panic and confusion were inevitable. Women and children threw themselves from the windows, and were dashed to pieces on the ground. Even the fire-escapes were soon rendered inaccessible by the progress of the flames, and had there been no panic would have been useless. One brave and collected man, John N. Bosworth, a sailor, who had just reached Fall River in search of work, rescued two persons from the flames at the risk of his own life. He gained the roof of the mill, made a strong rope fast, and by this means descended to the ground, carrying a woman on his back. Ascending again by climbing the rope, he rescued a boy in the same manner. The progress of the fire prevented another return. He subsequently recovered nine bodies from the still burning mill, venturing in so reckless of his own safety that his clothing several times took fire. We give his portrait from a photograph taken immediately after the disaster.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A sharp student was called up by a worthy professor of a celebrated college and asked the question, "Can a man see without eyes?" "Yes, Sir," was the prompt answer. "How, Sir," cried the amazed professor, "can a man see without eyes?" "He can see with one, Sir," replied the ready-witted youth; and the whole class shouted with delight at the triumph over old Metaphysics.

A gentleman wrote as follows to a female relative:

"How comes it, this delightful weather,
That U and I can't dine together?"

To which she replied:

"My worthy coz, it can not B;
U can not come till after T."

Bus—to kiss. Re-bus—to kiss again. Blunder-bus—two girls kissing each other. Omni-bus—to kiss all the girls in the room. Bus-ter—a general kisser. *E pluri*-bus *unum*—a thousand kisses in one.

An unsophisticated person once declined a plate of macaroni soup with the remark that they "couldn't palm off any biled pipe-stems on him."

A modern philosopher thinks it is a mistake to suppose that women have stronger attachments than men. "A man," he says, "is often attached to an old hat, but who ever heard of a woman being attached to an old bonnet?"

Undeniable.—When deaf-and-dumb lovers are married, two members of the wedding party are sure to be unspeakably happy.

Macaulay once observed that prize sheep were only fit for candles, and prize essays to light them.

"I like crying children," said an old bachelor to a friend. "How extraordinary! Why?" "Because they are taken out of the room," was the hard-hearted reply.

"That's where the boys fit for college," said the professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to a school-house. "Did they?" said the old lady, with animation. "Then if they fit for college before they went, they didn't fight afterward?" "Yes," said he, smiling, and favoring the conceit, "but the fight was with the head, not with the hands." "Butted, did they?" said the old lady.

In time the mulberry-tree becomes a silk gown, and the silk gown becomes a woman.

An old conductor says he is no judge of female beauty, but he can always tell when ladies are "passing fare."

Chinese Maxim.—Never rub your eyes except with your elbows.

An Irish gentleman was relating in company that he saw a terrible wind the other night. "*Saw* a wind!" said another; "I never heard of a wind being seen. But pray what was it like?" "Like to have blown my house about my ears," replied the first.

"Well, doctor," said a chap just from the dentist's chair, "how much do you ax for the job? Guy! but you did it quick, though!" "My terms," replied the dentist, "are one dollar." "A dollar for half a minit's work! one dollar—thunder! Why, a doctor down t'our place drawed a tooth for me two year ago, and it took him two hours. He dragged me all around the room, and lost his grip half a dozen times. I never seed such hard work. And he only charged me twenty-five cents. A dollar for a minit's work! you must be jokin'."

An observing man has discovered a similarity between a young ladies' seminary and a sugar-house, as both refine what is already sweet.

A matter-of-fact old gentleman thinks it must be a very small base-ball that can be caught on a fly.

An Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living, said the Welshman, "There is such noble housekeeping in Wales that I have known above a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner." "Ay," answered the Englishman, "that was because every man toasted his own cheese."

"Do you believe, Sir, that the dead ever walk after death?" "No doubt of it, madam: I have heard the dead march."

A man of bad reputation was complaining to his uncle that a certain person had ruined his character. "So much the better," replied the uncle, "for it was a very bad one; and the sooner it was destroyed, the more to your advantage."

A lawyer, who was sometimes forgetful, having been engaged to plead the cause of an offender, began by saying, "I know the prisoner at the bar, and he bears the character of being a consummate and most impudent scoundrel!" Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his client, when he immediately continued, "But what great and good man ever lived who was not calumniated by many of his contemporaries?"

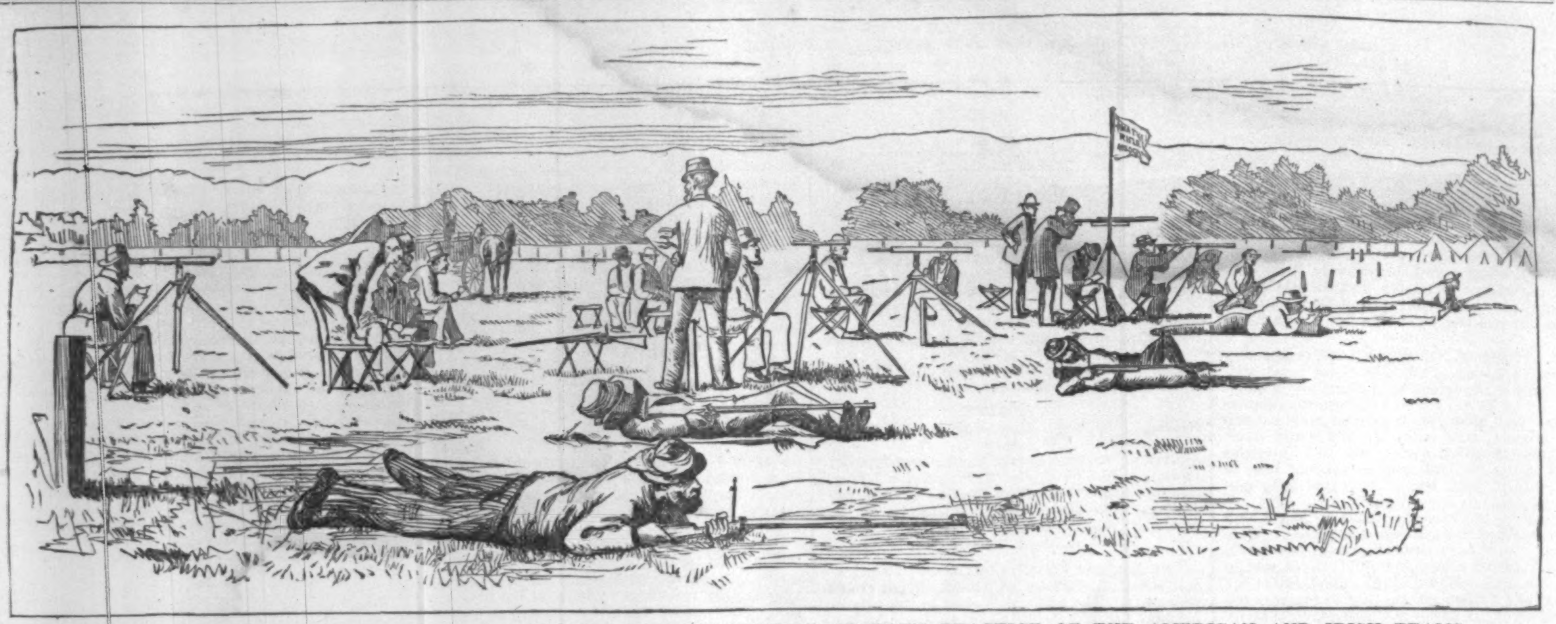
A musical Name—Do-ré.

A little girl in the train was asked what motive was taking her to the city. "I believe they call it a locomotive," said the little innocent.

"It seems to me I have seen your physiognomy somewhere before," said a swell to a stranger whom he met the other day; "but I can not imagine where." "Very likely," replied the other; "I have been the keeper of a prison for the last twenty years."

A WILD BOAR H T

R HUNT IN OLDEN TIME.



THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH AT CREEDMOOR, LONG ISLAND—LAST DAY'S PRACTICE OF THE AMERICAN AND IRISH TEAMS.

THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH.

No event in the sporting world has excited more general attention this season than the grand International Rifle Match at Creedmoor, Long Island, between the American and Irish "teams." The latter arrived in this city on the 16th of September, and since that time have occupied themselves in viewing the sights of the New World and preliminary practice at Creedmoor. The party includes Major ARTHUR BLENNERHASSETT LEECH, head of the Irish Rifle Association about ten years since, Mr. H. H. FOSTER, Honorary Secretary of the Association, Mr. JOHN RIGBY, the maker of the rifle the team are engaged in introducing, Dr. J. B. HAMILTON, Mr. JAMES WILSON, Mr. J. K. MILNER, Mr. EDMUND JOHNSON, and Captain P. WALKER. The party were accompanied by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, who has come to this country to see the shooting at Creedmoor, and afterward to indulge in a few weeks' sport on the great plains of the West.

The American team, whose portraits are engraved from photographs by KURTZ, were Mr. HENRY FULTON, Mr. H. A. GILDERSLEEVE, Mr. T. S. DAKIN, Mr. G. W. YALE, Colonel JOHN BODINE, and Mr. L. L. HEPBURN. Mr. FULTON is a Lieutenant in the Twelfth Regiment, is twenty-eight years old, and served in the army during the war. He won several prizes at Montreal at the last meeting of the Quebec Rifle Association, as did also Messrs. GILDERSLEEVE and YALE. Mr. GILDERSLEEVE is Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twelfth Regiment, is thirty-three years old, enlisted in the One Hundred and Fiftieth Regiment during the war, fought at Gettysburg, was with SHERMAN on his march to the sea, serving the latter part of the war as Provost Marshal of the Twentieth Army Corps. Mr. DAKIN is a Brigadier-General in the New York militia, is forty-three years old, weighs 220 pounds, is a good shot, and has seen service during the war. Mr. HEPBURN is forty-two years old, a gun-maker, employed in the rifle-works of E. REMINGTON & SONS, Ilion, New York. Mr. YALE is also a gun-maker, and is superintendent of SHARP'S rifle-works, Hartford, Connecticut. He is forty-eight years old. The two latter gentlemen have had great experience with rifles. Colonel BODINE lives in Highland, New Jersey. He is an old rifleman and a good shot. Mr. G. W. WINGATE, who was chosen Captain of the team, is a lawyer, a Colonel in the militia, President of the Amateur Rifle Club, and has taken an active part in the rifle-shooting at Creedmoor.

The portraits of these gentlemen are given on page 832, together with engravings of the badges to be presented to the successful team, and a beautiful silver cup which Captain LEECH has brought over to present for competition to the riflemen of America. It is a very graceful and artistic piece of workmanship, tastefully embossed, and surmounted by a representation of an ancient castle in ruin. It bears the following inscription:

PRESENTED

FOR COMPETITION

TO THE RIFLEMEN OF AMERICA

BY

ARTHUR BLENNERHASSETT LEECH,

CAPTAIN OF THE IRISH INTERNATIONAL

TEAM OF RIFLEMEN,

ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR VISIT TO NEW YORK,

1874.

We give on this page an illustration showing the last practice of the two teams at Creedmoor, two days before the match took place. The weather was unusually favorable for the contest; a light wind was blowing directly down the range, and the day being cool, the mirage was very slight. The American team was in excellent condition, and the result of their shooting was a score of 1244 out of a possible 1440—the highest ever made upon any range. The highest score on record at Wimbledon, England, is 1204. Lieutenant FULTON made the best individual score—168 out of a possible 180 points. The Irish team shot well, but were not up to their average. Mr. JOHNSON had been indisposed for the past few days, and failed to come up to his former scores.

The day appointed for the grand match, September 26, was every thing that could be desired, and the grounds at Creedmoor wore a gala-day appearance. From 8000 to 10,000 visitors were on the spot, and American and Irish flags were numerously displayed. The utmost good feeling prevailed during the entire contest. The shooting began at half past ten, at 800 yards, and was extraordinary for precision and for the evenness of skill displayed by the several members of the two teams. So well matched were the contestants that it was not decided which party would win until Colonel BODINE, of the American team, delivered the last shot, making a bull's-eye and winning for his party by three points. The following table shows the score of each team:

TOTALS OF AMERICAN SCORES.

Henry Fulton	171
G. W. Yale	162
John Bodine	158
Colonel Gildersleeve	155
L. L. Hepburn	149
T. S. Dakin	139
Grand total	934

TOTALS OF IRISH SCORES.

John Rigby	163
J. B. Hamilton	160
James Wilson	160
J. K. Milner	154
Edmund Johnson	150
Captain Walker	144
Grand total	931

At the termination of the shooting at 800 yards, luncheon was served, and prior to the resuming of the match, Major LEECH, of the Irish team, in a neat and graceful speech, presented the silver cup described above, and also decorated Colonel WINGATE with the badge of the Irish Rifle Association. On page 832 will be found an engraving of the cup, and also one of the badges, six in number, brought by the Irish team to be presented to the victors in this friendly contest. Nothing occurred during the day to mar the pleasure and harmony of the occasion, barring some railroad mismanagement, and both parties have reason to be proud of their display of skill. While it was a famous victory for the Americans, the Irish riflemen need not feel chagrined at their defeat.

PERSONAL.

THE Rev. ALEXANDER B. GROSSART, editor of a very rare and elegant edition, in twenty-three volumes, of "The Fuller Worthies' Library," of which only 262 copies (exclusively for private circulation) were printed, has recently prepared a new and beautiful edition of the poems of ALEXANDER WILSON, to be published in his native city, Paisley, Scotland. Mr. GROSSART has gracefully dedicated the edition to Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, "in recognition of his well-won success, of his love for his ancestral Scotland, and of his generous giving to any good cause." There is an appropriateness in the dedication. WILSON may be regarded as the founder of American ornithology. Commencing life as a weaver's apprentice in Paisley, he published, at the age of twenty-four, a volume of poems, and two years later published anonymously his poem of *Watty and Meg*, which was ascribed by the public to ROBERT BURNS, and of which 100,000 copies were sold in a few weeks. In 1794, at the age of twenty-eight, he emigrated to Philadelphia. In 1802 he settled at Kingsessing, near Philadelphia, where he lived and died. Here he became a proficient in drawing and coloring, and commenced his great work on ornithology, which from that period became the work of his life, and which has won for him imperishable fame.

—Mr. T. B. ALDRICH, in his Portsmouth article in the October *Harper*, says that the lightning-rod which protects the Warner House today was put up under the personal supervision of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN in 1762, and is supposed to be the first rod put up in New Hampshire.

—Mr. H. M. STANLEY, like the person mentioned in one of the oldest books extant, has "a boat of his own," forty feet long, six wide, drawing only one foot of water when loaded with seven tons. She cuts up into five sections, each section being carried by two persons, each with a pole. It is built of cedar and mahogany, and will be by far the most nobby punt ever seen in African waters.

—DUBLEMARD, a French sculptor, is engaged at Paris on a statue of SIMON BOLIVAR, the "Liberator," which is to cost $16,000. The model is to be first sent to Ecuador to be approved by the government. Few men accomplished so much in so short a time as BOLIVAR. From the time he joined the insurgents under MIRANDA in 1811 till his retirement from public life in 1827, a period of sixteen years, he was either fighting or putting public affairs to rights, and succeeded in bringing into independence three large states, and organized their governments. He was only forty-seven when he died, and may be regarded, on the whole, as the ablest South American ruler of modern times.

—His Majesty of the Sandwich Islands, King KALULU, is coming to the United States in the war steamer *Benicia*, Rear-Admiral ALMY commanding. Our government has ordered things to be made comfortable for the potentate.

—The Prince of Wales, like some other Princes of Wales who have preceded him, has been getting into debt, and very much into debt. It was the intention of Mr. GLADSTONE to ask Parliament to help the young man out of his difficulties, which footed up a mere $3,200,000; but an influential member of the Commons told him it would never do, and the project was abandoned. English people commenced to talk about it—men of brains as well as of bullion—and it began to assume so serious an aspect that the Queen stepped in and announced that she would pay the liabilities, and thus save the pecuniary honor of the heir-apparent to the throne. Wales certainly does spend a pot of money, and associates with many people who really are not nice. The paper in warmest pursuit of him, and which does its work in the eftest way, is EDMUND YATES'S new *World*.

—Notwithstanding that M. EMILE DE GIRARDIN is seventy-two, he has agreed to undertake, on the 1st November next, the chief editorial direction of *La France*, which recently passed into the hands of M. GENTY. Early in life GIRARDIN was employed in the office of a stock-broker, and was known as EMILE DELAMOTHE; but suddenly he claimed, and took by authority, the name of General ALEXANDRE DE GIRARDIN, who, ten years later, was declared to be his father by a commission of the Chamber of Deputies. In 1856 he sold his share in *La Presse* for $160,000, which from that day lost its old power. His second and present wife is MINA BRUNOLD, Countess of Tieffenbach, widow of Prince FREDERICK of Nassau.

—Mr. LAUNT THOMPSON, now in the front rank of workers in marble, has recently been at work upon a medallion head of our Lord. It is in high relief, and is intended to be placed in a tablet to be erected in a church in Westchester County in memory of the late Mrs. GOUVERNEUR WILKINS.

—The observing man has been at Highland Falls, and looked over the house and grounds of Mr. JOHN BIGELOW. The house, he says, is large, elegantly furnished and appointed. The whole estate is of liberal proportions, commanding grand mountain views. The "study" is an apartment of large proportions, stocked with a large but well-selected library, some rare works of art, and numerous articles of *virtu*. Mr. BIGELOW, it would seem, is a lover of BEN FRANKLIN, takes great interest in his history, and venerates his memory. Among his possessions are perhaps as many as twenty-five different portraits of the philosopher. One of these, with a manuscript biography of the wise old man in his own hand, Mr. BIGELOW discovered in Paris while he was United States minister there, and purchased the relics at a high figure—25,000 francs, or $5000.

—The friends of the late President LINCOLN are circulating a petition in the city asking Congress to make his birthday, February 12, a national holiday.

—The Rev. Dr. CUYLER wrote from Geneva that Father HYACINTHE lacks backbone, and is not such stuff as great reformers are made of. Dr. CUYLER thinks that a LUTHER is needed, but there don't appear to be any LUTHERS there or thereabouts.

—The Right Hon. W. E. FORSTER, one of England's very ablest and foremost statesmen, will pass the next two months in the United States. He is accompanied by his relative, Sir THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON. Mr. FORSTER'S father, who died on an antislavery mission to the United States, was buried at Chattanooga.

—Two of "the Emperor's boys," as the Chinese students in New England are called, were lately admitted to Yale College Scientific Department, having passed a good examination. There are now sixty Chinese students in Massachusetts and Connecticut, all of whom are supported by their government. Thirty came to this country two years ago, thirty arrived one year ago, and thirty more are expected in about a fortnight. The students are placed at first in educated families, two in a place, that they may learn the English language, and each one spends from two to four weeks a year at the head-quarters of the Chinese Educational Commission in Hartford, where he is examined as to his habits and progress. We can testify to the uniform air of refinement and intelligence of these young men, and to the excellence of their habits. Their aptitude as well as their eagerness to acquire knowledge is surprising. The Emperor allows each one about $700 a year for expenses.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE United States Geological and Topographical Survey, under Dr. HAYDEN, is now in the field, a camp having been established on Clear Creek, near Denver, and by the end of July the several divisions (six in number) were on their way to continue the survey of the Colorado region. The first, or northern, division is to explore the area between the fortieth parallel on the north and the Eagle and Grand rivers on the south, and to proceed westward from the Middle Park. Of this division A. R. MARVINE is geologist in charge; S. B. LADD, topographer; LOUIS CHAUVENET, assistant topographer; E. R. BARBER, assistant geologist and botanist; M. L. WARD, Jun., barometric observer; W. W. WILLIAMS, barometric observer and general assistant, and others.

The second division works between Eagle and Grand rivers on the north and the parallel of 38° 20′ on the south. Of this HENRY GANNETT is topographer, and Dr. A. C. PEALE, geologist, assisted by FREDERICK OWEN, RICHARD BRODHEAD, A. R. BULLOCK, and F. KELLOGG.

The third, or southern, division, under the command of A. D. WILSON, carries on operations in the southwest corner of the Territory, including the San Juan Mountains and mines. Dr. F. M. ENDLICH is the geologist, FRANK RHODA, assistant topographer, and C. E. GALLUP, general assistant.

The primary triangulation party is in charge of JAMES T. GARDNER, geographer of the survey, who will measure a new base-line in the San Luis Park, and extend the greater triangulation. He will be assisted by Professor W. S. ATKINSON, of Hiram College, Ohio.

A fifth party is under charge of Mr. G. R. BECHLER, assisted by Mr. FISH. He will make a meandering tour for the purpose of measuring routes of travel, and securing such other data as are procurable by the odometer.

A sixth, or photographic, party is in charge of Mr. WILLIAM H. JACKSON, assisted by Mr. C. H. ANTHONY, of New York. Mr. ERNEST INGERSOLL, of Cambridge, accompanies this party as special naturalist.

Professor HAYDEN will be occupied in reviewing the entire field of the survey, accompanied by Mr. WILLIAM H. HOLMES, the artist, Mr. G. B. CHITTENDEN, topographer, Mr. JAMES STEVENSON, and some other assistants.

France has lately lost one of her most eminent mathematicians by the death of Count D. DE PONTÉCOULANT at the age of seventy-six. This event occurred on the 21st of July last. As early as 1829 he published a work, in four volumes, entitled *An Analytical Theory of the System of the World*, which, with later memoirs, secured for him the election to membership in the scientific academies of London, Berlin, and France. Another work for which he acquired great reputation was his memoir upon the great comet of HALLEY.

M. PAULIN TEULIERES, a contributor of numerous scientific articles to the French journals, died in Paris on the 11th of July at the age of seventy. He is eulogized by the editor of *Les Mondes* as a popular author of essays on natural history, and, indeed, science in general; but he does not seem to have made any special reputation as an investigator.

KOHLRAUSCH, in describing an ingenious barometer devised by him, very correctly remarks that such an instrument, which combines with unbounded sensitiveness the absence of any friction, which requires only a single observation to be made, which consumes no time, and possesses so slight a moment of inertia that it follows the variation of the atmospheric press-

ure in the fraction of a second, would probably excite some interest. The instrument devised by him consists of a metallic ring, such as belongs to a Bourdon aneroid, one side of which is firmly screwed to a holder. The other free end pushes against a small mirror in a metal frame, which is suspended on little springs of pendulum steel. A scale is placed about ten feet distant from the mirror, so that two inches of ordinary barometric change correspond to three feet on the scale. The influence of temperature upon the apparatus is extremely great; but, by introducing a proper amount of air within the tube, this may be reduced to a very small quantity. A curve is given showing the course of barometric pressure during three minutes of time on the occasion of a very stormy day, observations being noted down every three seconds. Kohlrausch states that he has never been able to detect any connection between barometric oscillations and flashes of lightning.

The Lyceum of Natural History, of the city of New York, one of the oldest and most eminent of American scientific institutions, is mainly known by its *Annals*, which, from the number of important memoirs on general practical science, are standard authority the world over. For some years this society was in a quiescent condition, its resident members being few, or engaged in pursuits which prevented their giving much time to scientific labor.

Since then, however, the tide has turned, and the greatest activity has been manifested. "Proceedings" have been issued intended to contain all abstracts and briefer communications, and to present an actual record of the operations of the society, and efforts are making to increase the circulation of this series by placing the subscription price at a dollar per annum, in the hope that the public, if not the lyceum, may be benefited thereby. Subscriptions will be thankfully received by Mr. Robert Dinwiddie, corresponding secretary, No. 113 Water Street, New York.

The Admiralty charts of the Pacific, Atlantic, and Indian oceans show for the four seasons the pressure, winds, and temperature over all parts of the globe covered by the sea. The most important piece of new work in these charts is the isobares, which give the barometric pressure for each of the seasons, and which, taken in connection with Buchan's isobares for the continents, may be regarded as the first approximation to a complete representation of the earth's atmosphere over both land and sea. A minute examination seems to show that the greatest care has been taken in the construction of these important means. In general, it seems that in the ocean to the westward of each of the continents there is at all seasons an area of high pressure. In these areas the absolute pressure is greatest during the winter months of the respective hemispheres. The position and shape of the isobares seem to be largely determined by that of the continents adjoining. The barometric gradients are much less on the western than on the eastern side of the areas of high pressure. Out of these areas the winds blow in all directions in accordance with the well-known Buys Ballot law, so called. The isothermal charts seem to present many of the defects common to all similar charts published as yet. The isothermals for the months of January and July are the only ones that have as yet been accurately worked out for the whole globe. These charts seem to place it beyond all doubt that it is to the winds that we must now look as the prime mover of oceanic currents.

Perrier, who has recently had charge of the new geodetical survey of the island of Corsica, states that in the former work, by Durand, in 1827, an attempt was made to connect, by triangles having sides of the enormous length of 122 and 167 miles, the position of this island with the geodetical points on the main-land. In his late attempt to revise this work, having found that the signals established by Tranchot had mostly disappeared, and that many topographical points could not be recovered with certainty, he has judged it necessary to execute an entirely new triangulation of the island, and has prepared a chart on the scale of $\frac{1}{80000}$, in which, by contour lines, he represents geometrically every feature in the relief of the soil. The probable error of the angles observed by himself is $3\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, while the error of the triangles observed by Tranchot is 10 seconds. The primary triangulation conducted by Perrier includes 67 stations, extending over an arc of 5° in latitude. Levelings have been conducted throughout the whole island. The discordances between the levelings that have been independently conducted up to the principal points are generally small, and never exceed 10 feet, even for differences of level as great as 8000 feet.

The seventh annual report of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology (connected with Harvard University), by Professor Jeffreys Wyman, has just been published by the trustees. Like its predecessors, it contains matter of much interest, from the variety of additions in the ethnological field to this rapidly growing establishment, among which special prominence is given to the objects received from the collections by Professor Agassiz during the *Hassler* expedition. The most important of these are sundry crania and ethnological objects collected from the ancient graves or burial-places in Peru by Mr. T. J. Hutchinson, the British consul at Callao, and presented by him to Professor Agassiz.

The next principal source of supply during the year has been the collections of the Hartt expedition to Brazil, including bows and arrows, earthen vessels, and the like. Specimens are also indicated as received from the Smithsonian Institution, Mr. Henry Colman, the Boston Society of Natural History, etc.

The report is specially interesting, first on account of the discussion of the race-characteristics of the ancient Peruvians, as based upon the skulls received from Mr. Hutchinson, and others from Mr. E. G. Squier, and an article on the human remains found in the shell heaps of St. Johns River, in Florida. Professor Wyman has been in the habit for many years of spending his winters in Florida in researches in the shell heaps, which have been rewarded during the past winter by numerous interesting discoveries, among others of human remains, in several localities, of such a character and under such circumstances as to leave no doubt in his mind that they had served as food at the cannibal feasts of the aborigines, since the bones were broken, and treated in precisely the same manner as those of the animals found in similar situations.

The report of the treasurer informs us that the present endowment of the museum amounts to something over $192,000.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

OCTOBER.

Sunday,	4.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	6.—Annual Meeting of the A. B. C. F. M., Rutland, Vermont.
Wednesday,	7.—Triennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, New York.
Sunday,	11.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	18.—St. Luke the Evangelist; Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	25.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	28.—SS. Simon and Jude.

NOVEMBER.

Sunday,	1.—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity; All-Saints.
Sunday,	8.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	15.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	22.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	29.—First Sunday in Advent.
Monday,	30.—St. Andrew.

The Anglican Church Congresses in England and the United States will meet almost simultaneously. The latter will open in this city on Monday, October 5, in Calvary Church, and will continue in session till the following Thursday evening. We have already announced the topics of the principal papers to be read. Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, and the Rev. Drs. Hugh Miller Thompson, John Cotton Smith, C. W. Andrews, George H. Norton, Edward A. Washburn, Edwin Harwood, and other clergymen and laymen of note are expected to read essays and deliver addresses.

The English Church Congress will assemble at Brighton, October 6. The opening sermons will be preached by the Bishops of Ely and Salisbury. The inaugural address will be delivered on that day by the President, the Bishop of Chichester. The topics announced for discussion are, the Old Catholic Movement, Missions (home and foreign), Convocations, Education, Church Patronage, Diocesan Synods, Adaptation of the Church to the Wants of the Times, Skepticism, Church Finance, Recreation, Spiritual Life, etc., etc. The writers and speakers are leading Churchmen of all the doctrinal schools into which the Establishment is divided.

Dr. M'Cosh writes to the New York *Observer* that the scheme of a Pan-Presbyterian Council, which we have heretofore noticed, has been well received by the Churches in Europe. In Scotland the State, Free, United, and Covenanting Churches, the Presbyterian Churches of Ireland, England, and Wales, have passed resolutions in its favor, and have appointed committees to aid in making the necessary preparations. Favorable communications have also been received from the Churches of France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy. One of the objects of the Council will be the formation of a federal union of all Presbyterians.

The election of members of the Board of Education in New Haven, on September 21, was an occasion of some excitement. A leading Roman Catholic priest had announced that it was time for Catholics to obtain control of the board; a Catholic ticket was accordingly put forward. This challenge called out a very heavy vote; the result was that the anti-Catholic candidates were elected by a majority of 1500.

Another American evangelist, Mr. R. Pearsall Smith, appears to be attracting public attention in Great Britain. He has been in England for several months holding private meetings, but on the 31st of August he opened a "union meeting" for the promotion of Scriptural holiness in the city of Oxford. The attendance was very large, the Town-hall being packed with listeners, and several churches and chapels of Oxford occupied. Both Churchmen and Dissenters have taken part in the exercises, which have been, it is reported, distinguished by freedom from excitement. Among the persons present and participating were the Hon. Cowper Temple, M.P., Rear-Admiral Fishbourne, Messrs. Theodore Monod and Fisch, of Paris, and the Rev. Dr. Mahan, with others, from the United States. The crowds attending increased every day so greatly that the Corn Exchange was opened in addition to the Town-hall for their accommodation. On two of the evenings large parties of gentlemen and ladies marched through the principal streets of Oxford singing hymns. Upon their reaching a favorable spot, near St. John's College, an open-air meeting was held and addresses were delivered.

The Roman Catholics have made a great capture in the perversion of the Marquis of Ripon, the Grand Master of the Freemasons of England. The marquis figured in the pilgrimage to Pontigny. He has been considered in England as a man of respectable abilities and conscientious devotion to public duty. In this instance the triumph of the Catholics is a double one—over the Church of England and Freemasonry.

Mr. Spurgeon's new college edifice is built upon consecrated ground; at the opening he, however, adopted a form of consecration peculiarly his own. A company of Christians accompanied him from room to room, and in each prayer was made "that the particular work to be done there might be done in the fear and to the glory of God." The college is for the training of pastors, and contains all the conveniences both for study and residence. As much as £12,500 has been contributed to defray its cost.

Mr. Moody, the American evangelist, has transferred his labors to Ireland. His last service in Scotland was held at Rothesay, in the island of Bute. Here he was most enthusiastically received. The Marquis of Bute, it is well known, has become a Roman Catholic, but the people of the island are fervent Protestants. An open-air meeting, attended by three thousand persons, was held in the evening, and lasted till eleven o'clock. Mr. Moody's table was placed on the very spot where the last burning of a woman for witchcraft took place in Scotland. It is stated that, as a result of his labors, eighty-three young men in the Free Church have offered themselves for the work of the ministry.

The full account of the protest of the Bishop of Mainz against the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Sedan (September 2) has been received. It confirms the first report. He forbids all participation by his clergy in the thanksgivings for the German victory for these reasons: (1) It was not the thanksgiving of the German people, but only of a party; (2) the party that claims to represent in the festival the German people is the same that leads the warfare against "Christianity and the Catholic Church;" (3) Catholics can not weep and rejoice at the same time; (4) Catholics have been charged with crime in the person of Bismarck's would-be assassin. This protest confirms all that has been charged of the disloyalty of the Catholic clergy of Germany. The protest will place the German ultramontanes in a very uncomfortable position.

Jacob Wainwright, Dr. Livingstone's colored servant, will, after some time spent in training, be employed by the Church Missionary Society of London as a teacher in its East African Mission.

The Calcutta Missionary Conference has requested the various missionary societies to send able English preachers to India in the cold season. They can be usefully employed in preaching in the large cities to the numerous English-speaking populations they contain. This plan of labor has been suggested by the success of Professor Seelye's lectures, delivered during his late tour through India.

Among the national religious conventions which are now so numerous is one of German Baptists just held in Chicago, and also a National Sunday-school Convention of Lutherans, which commences at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, October 27.

The progress of American Methodism in Sweden is shown by the recently published statistics of Bishop Harris, who has returned to the United States from a tour of inspection around the world. There are now in Sweden 70 Methodist societies, 187 preaching places, 2989 members, 1553 probationers, and church property valued at $28,424.

The eldest son of the Crown Prince of Prussia was confirmed with much ceremony in the Friedenkirche, Potsdam, on September 1. The Rev. Dr. Heym, court preacher, officiated. The young prince read a confession of faith of his own composing, and afterward answered the questions as to the leading articles of Christian faith with great self-possession. The Emperor and numerous members of his family were present.

More attention than such demonstrations ordinarily excite has been attracted in England to the recent pilgrimage of English Catholics to Pontigny, France. At the Abbey of Pontigny is the tomb of St. Edmund of Abingdon, sometimes surnamed the Rich, who was Archbishop of Canterbury from 1234 to 1240. In his sermon on the pilgrimage, Archbishop Manning said that the pilgrims intended to beg the prayers of St. Edmund in behalf of England, that she might be brought back to the true faith, and in behalf of the Christian world, that it might once more be at peace. He also drew a parallel, which has caused much sharp comment, between St. Edmund and three other Archbishops of Canterbury, Anselm, Becket, and Stephen Langton. All four, he declared, "stood up not only for the rights of the Church, but also in the main for the political liberties of Englishmen, upholding the Pope as the Vicar of Christ." Their conduct "delayed by centuries that unhappy merging of the Church in the state which came about under Henry VIII." The point raised by the English papers is whether these archbishops did not struggle against papal quite as much as against kingly encroachment. St. Edmund himself, it is stated, in 1240 retired to Pontigny in disgust on account of an order from the Pope to provide for three hundred of the Roman clergy. The pilgrims only numbered 313. About one-third of them were priests and theological students. An eye-witness of their departure states that very few wore the badge—a red cross; and the correspondent of the London *Times* reports that the pilgrims on their journey showed great interest in the newspaper stalls and refreshment bars.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The equinoctial storm this year was a genuine and a generously long one. After the long drought every body hailed the first coming of rain. It cleaned the streets, filled the streams, washed the foliage, freshened the parks, cleared the dusty atmosphere, and revived all nature. But after about four days people began to wish it would "clear off." One good result of the storm was the extinguishing of the forest fires which had been raging in various sections of the country.

Perhaps Weston, whose second attempt to walk 500 miles in six consecutive days has proved unsuccessful, may succeed, without killing himself, on his next trial, in October. But really, now, what possible good results from such efforts?

The papers are overflowing with political matters: yet who would suppose, when reading the average newspaper at the present time, that politics was "the application of moral principles to public affairs?" Charles Sumner thus defined politics, and lived up to his definition. Where can be found another Charles Sumner?

The English historian Froude is taking a two years' trip around the world. He left England the latter part of August.

Mount Parnassus has been ascended recently by Dr. Schliemann, who gives an account of his trip in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. On the summit of the mountain he found only one kind of plant, with small thick leaves; but at the foot of the Lykeri, the highest peak, there were six different species, giving abundant food to the sheep. Some of the shepherds have 2000 sheep, which is equivalent to a property of £1100. Every where on the mountain-tops there are high stones of various shapes, which serve as landmarks to the shepherds in foggy weather. The women carry about with them a very primitive spinning apparatus, with which they are continually spinning wool, whether they sit, stand, or walk.

"Orange County butter," so called, is by no means certainly made in Orange County. According to the recent report of the Butter and Cheese Exchange, only a small quantity of butter is made in Orange County, but the term has of late years been applied to certain departments of the trade.

Mortara, the Jewish lad whose capture by the papal authorities was once a subject which excited interest throughout Europe, has become a monk of the Augustine order, and recently preached his first sermon. Until about four years ago he remained at Rome, where he was carefully educated. He had no intercourse with his family for nearly ten years after his capture, when his father was allowed to correspond with him. When the Italian troops took possession of Rome the father went there to get his son. But the young man would not see him. Twelve years of priestly training had made him a firm Catholic, and soon afterward young Mortara wrote to his parents that on account of their religion he could not identify himself with them. The Pope is said to be much pleased with some letters written to him by the young monk.

New York city has two public baths, which have been constantly patronized since they were opened, about the middle of June. But what are two bathing establishments for the thousands who would gladly avail themselves of the privileges offered? And where are the four additional free baths which were promised early in the season? Surely six free baths is not a large number for the metropolis of America, and it is to be hoped that another summer will see them constructed.

During the past year 3462 volumes have been added to the Astor Library, making the whole number of books and pamphlets in the library at the present time about 151,000.

The grasshopper-ravaged citizens of Kansas are estimated at 15,000, and the State Legislature has met in extra session to devise means to relieve their destitution. It appears that there is an abundance of breadstuffs in Kansas, only it needs to be distributed. About 120,000 bushels of seed wheat are required in those sections where the "grasshopper was a burden."

Smith College for Women at Northampton, Massachusetts, will be opened in September, 1876. The conditions of admission are to be substantially the same as at Amherst College.

Gustave Doré's studio at Paris is described by a visitor as a square room of huge dimensions, lighted by a sky-light, and sufficiently lofty to accommodate the gigantic canvases whereon the artist works out his vast conceptions. A movable platform, adapted to be raised or lowered at pleasure, occupies the centre of the room. On this Doré stands when at work on one of the colossal pictures which seem to spring into being so readily beneath his skillful and rapid brush. A table loaded with brushes of all dimensions, from the most delicate pencil to a huge overgrown mushroom of hair, another strewed with books, papers, letters, visiting-cards, and scraps of drawings, a few chairs, and a sofa, make up the furniture. No scraps of *bric-à-brac*, no pieces of old armor or antique furniture, no lay figures or lengths of colored drapery, the usual picturesque litter of an artist's studio, are visible. Huge green curtains, intended to hide unfinished works, hang from the walls—else all is bare and severe.

Miss Thompson, the painter of the famous "Roll-Call," is now engaged upon another important military picture. She appears to be greatly favored in its execution, as she has the sanction of the Field-Marshal to inspect the Royal Engineers from time to time. She has taken sketches of the troops in various positions, and also selected a number of men who are to attend her studio as models.

The *Freeman's Journal*—the Dublin organ of the Roman Catholics—in commenting upon the hope expressed by Professor Tyndall in his address at Belfast, that "the mild light of science might break in upon the minds of the youth of Ireland," exclaims, "Heaven forbid that such an hour will ever arrive! The land of St. Patrick will never prove a congenial home for those wild, monstrous, and fantastic theories, begotten in the twilight of sciolism, and doomed, like the clouds of twilight, to be dissipated by the rising sun of true enlightenment."

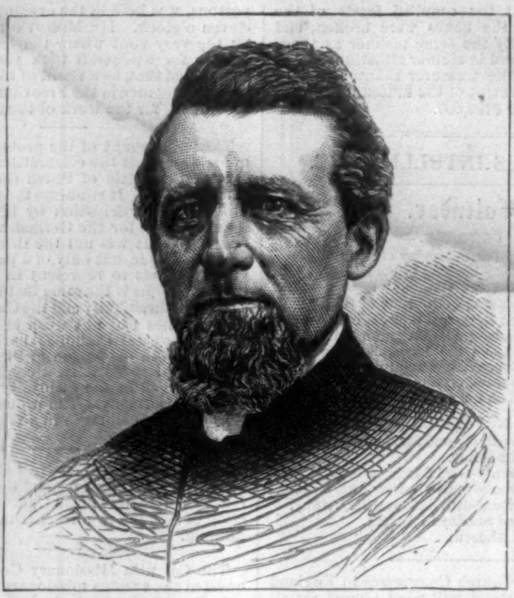
Chinese agents have been for some weeks past purchasing Krupp guns in Germany and gunpowder in England in preparation for the threatened war with Japan.

A correspondent of the *Court Journal* is concerned lest married gentlemen should pass themselves off as unmarried when traveling, and thinks they should wear a wedding-ring as well as ladies as a safeguard. The ring should be riveted on in order to make a sure thing of it!

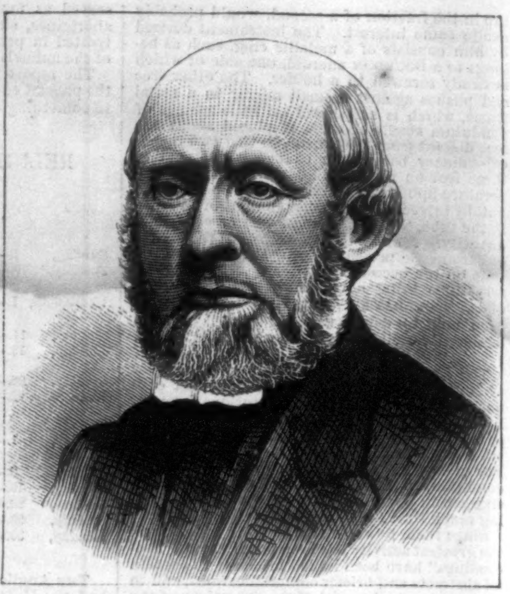
According to the recent census of Great Britain, there are in that nation no less than thirty-four thousand wives under twenty years of age, some of whom are even under fifteen. The same record shows that there are only six thousand married men under twenty.

Every great library either has or has had an aged librarian who is a living encyclopedia. Just now they are telling great stories of the venerable librarian of the National Library at Paris, which contains 2,200,000 volumes and 100,000 manuscripts. One day a man asked for a romance. He did not know the title nor the author's name; he only knew that it began with the words, "The marchioness walked alone in the park," and the old librarian brought it, though it was the production of an obscure author of the eighteenth century. A veracious exchange says that the fact is that the venerable gentleman knows precisely how many letters there are in each of the 2,200,000 volumes, and which of the letters are small and which capital, and the exact number of letters turned upside down by the printer, and the number of marks of punctuation on each page.

REV. EGERTON RYERSON, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT.



REV. DUNCAN D. CURRIE, SECRETARY.



REV. JOHN M'MURRAY.

CANADIAN METHODISM.

WE give on this page the portraits of some of the prominent members of the General Conference of the United Canadian Wesleyan Methodist Church, recently convened at Toronto, Ontario. Fifty years ago Methodism had just commenced gaining ground in British North America, and was comparatively feeble in point of numbers, in its ministry, and in its places of worship, but of late its growth has been remarkably rapid. The last census of Canada, taken in 1870, showed that at that time the Methodists were the largest Protestant denomination in the Dominion.

The Canadian Methodists have been under the jurisdiction of several Conferences. Soon after the consummation of the political union of the British Provinces in the Dominion of Canada, the Methodists began to feel the want of a closer ecclesiastical union for the advancement of the interests of the denomination, and measures were set on foot to effect this object. The Conference which held jurisdiction over the Wesleyans of Ontario and Quebec was known as the Canada Conference. At a session of this body held in 1871 the Rev. SAMUEL D. RICE, D.D., and the Rev. JAMES ELLIOTT were appointed delegates to the Conference of Eastern British America to request that delegates be sent therefrom to the next Canada Conference to consider the question of union and the necessary measures to carry the movement into effect. In pursuance of this scheme, the Rev. HUMPHREY PICKARD, D.D., and the Rev. DUNCAN D. CURRIE were appointed delegates from the Conference of Eastern British America, and met the Canada Conference at its session in Montreal in 1872. At this meeting the subject of union was discussed in all its bearings, and the scheme was deemed entirely practicable as well as eminently desirable.

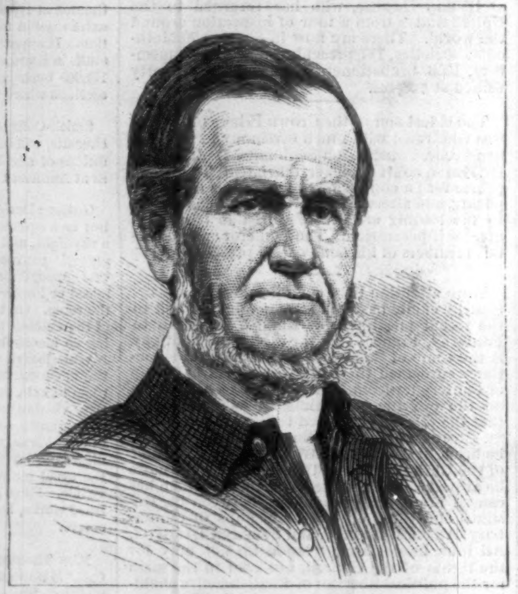
To further complete the measures of union, a large and influential committee representing the several Conferences met at Montreal in the autumn of the same year, and prepared a constitution for the united Church. That constitution was soon afterward accepted by the Wesleyan Conferences of Canada and of England, and by the New Connection Conference of Ontario. The constitution provides that the old Canada Conference be divided into three bodies, to be designated the Toronto, the London, and the Montreal Conferences, and that the old Conference of Eastern British America be likewise divided into three bodies, the Nova Scotia, the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, and the Newfoundland Conferences. These bodies, with the New Connection Conference of Ontario, this year send representatives to the First General Conference of the United Canadian Wesleyan Methodist Church, which met at Toronto September 16. The Rev. EGERTON RYERSON, D.D., LL.D., was chosen President, and the Rev. DUNCAN D. CURRIE Secretary, of the Conference.

The several Conferences of the Dominion were largely and ably represented in the General Conference. The London (Ontario) Conference sent fifty delegates; the Montreal Conference, thirty-six; the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, sixteen; the Nova Scotia, eighteen; the Newfoundland, four; the New Connection Conference, twenty-four. One-half the delegates are laymen. These delegates, in all numbering one hundred and ninety-six, represent a denomination which is rapidly increasing in strength and influence throughout the Dominion of Canada. It has already about twelve hundred ministers, considerably more than a hundred thousand communicants, and about six hundred and fifty thousand adherents. The union under one General Conference has been effected quietly and without agitation, although it involved a radical change in the constitution of Canadian Methodism. The change can not fail to be productive of good results. The united Churches will be more intimately connected than ever before, and there will be increased unity of action and greater concentration of effort, which must tend largely to promote the usefulness of the Methodist denomination in Canada.

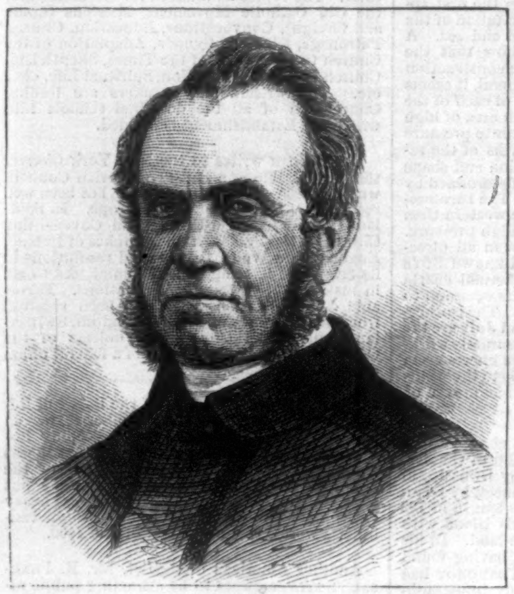
The New Connection Methodists, with whom the Wesleyan Methodists of Canada have united, date from the first secession from the parent body after the death of WESLEY. This secession took place in 1797, under the leadership of ALEXANDER KILHAM, after whom they are sometimes called *Kilhamites*. He had been a preacher among the Wesleyans, and was expelled from the Conference in 1796 because of a publication in which he severely criticised the existing order of things, and submitted proposals for what he deemed reform. In accordance with his sentiments, a secession Church was organized, and the New Connection sprang into existence with about five thousand members. Their Conference is constituted upon the representative system, laymen having an equal voice with the clergy in the government of the Church, while in doctrine and general usage they do not differ at all from the body from which they seceded. They have had more success in Canada than in the parent country. In 1871 they had about ten thousand members in Canada.

The Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada has not yet come into the union. At the last General Conference of this branch of the followers of WESLEY in the Dominion, convened at Toronto on the 4th of September, the subject of union was taken up. A committee, appointed four years ago to consider the matter, gave a detailed account of the negotiations held with other Methodist bodies, and the failure up to that time to accomplish the desired object. On their recommendation a committee was appointed to confer with other Methodist bodies, with a view to securing the complete and harmonious union of all under one General Conference.

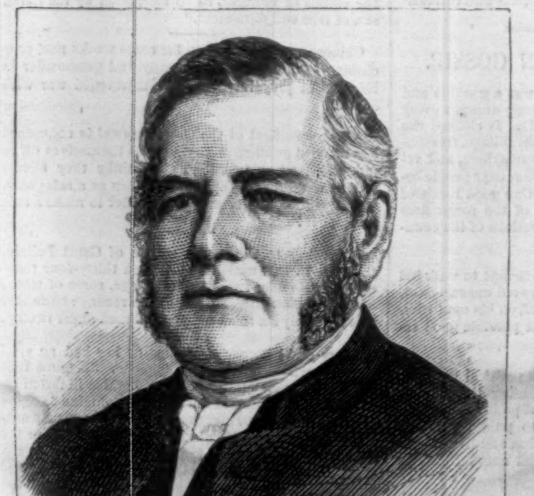
In effecting the union with the New Connectionists, the Canadian Wesleyans have cut themselves off from their relation to the parent Wesleyan Conference in England, which has hitherto nominated the President of the Canadian Conference and paid his annual salary. They now, in conjunction with the New Connectionists, conduct their business under officers elected by themselves. The advantages of the new system, by which a vast amount of cumbrous machinery is done away with, will soon be felt in the increased efficiency of the organization.



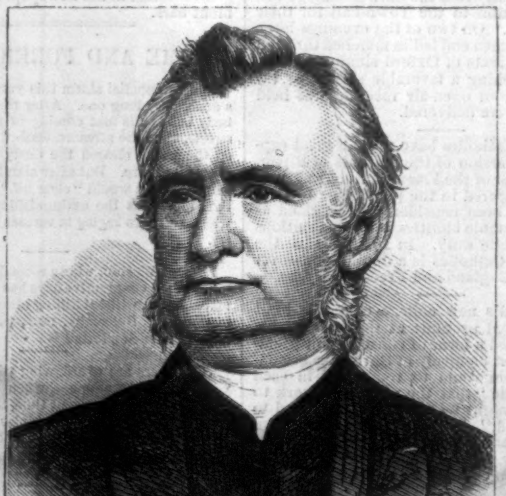
REV. HUMPHREY PICKARD, D.D.



REV. JAMES ELLIOTT.

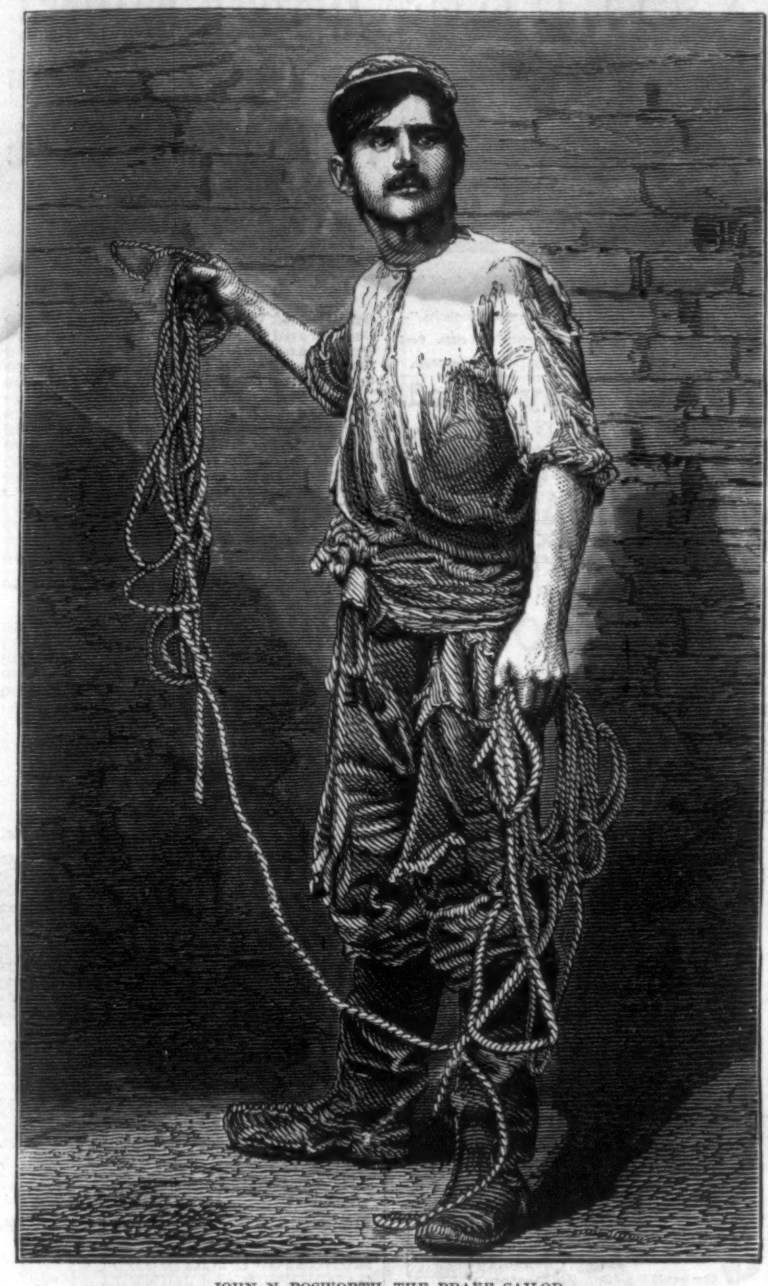


REV. ENOCH WOOD, D.D.

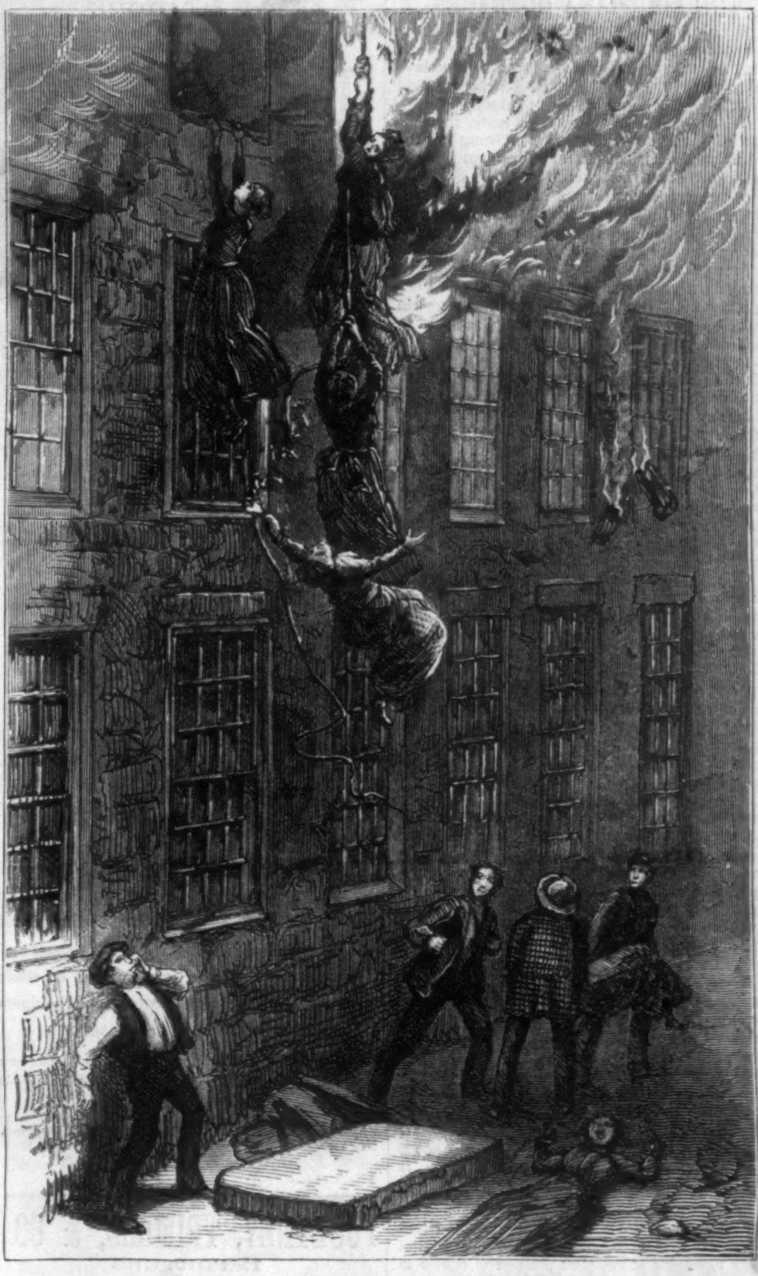


REV. JOHN A. WILLIAMS.

REV. HENRY POPE, JUN.



JOHN N. BOSWORTH, THE BRAVE SAILOR.



THE PANIC—ESCAPING THROUGH THE WINDOWS.

THE RUINS OF THE GRANITE MILL.

THE FALL RIVER DISASTER.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. F. GAY, FALL RIVER.—[SEE PAGE 835.]

THE LOUISIANA OUTRAGES.

We give on our first page a series of illustrations relating to the recent outbreak of the White Leaguers in New Orleans. The three sketches, all from the pencil of Mr. R. Lawrence, will give the reader a graphic idea of the appearance of the city while the streets were under the control of these desperate men. Owing to the prompt and decisive action of President Grant, the insurrection was quelled before it could attain dangerous headway. Mr. M'Enery and Mr. Penn quietly surrendered their usurped and brief authority, and the regular State officers were as quietly reinstated.

The portraits on the same page will also be studied with interest. Governor William Pitt Kellogg was born in Vermont in 1830. He was educated at Norwich University, removed to Illinois in 1848, and was admitted to the bar in that State in 1853. In 1861 he was appointed Chief Justice of Nebraska by President Lincoln, but resigned the same year and accepted the colonelcy of the Seventh Illinois Cavalry. He served under General Pope in Missouri, and had command of a cavalry brigade until the evacuation of Corinth. In April, 1865, Mr. Kellogg was appointed Collector of the port of New Orleans, and held that position until July, 1868, when he was elected to the Senate of the United States. At the election in November, 1872, he was chosen Governor of Louisiana.

Colonel John M'Enery, Democratic candidate for Governor in 1872, is a native of Louisiana, and served during the war in the Confederate ranks. It is unnecessary here to recapitulate the details of the recent attempt to place him and Mr. Penn, who was candidate for Lieutenant-Governor on the same ticket, in possession of the State government. General Longstreet's career is familiar to all. He was one of the bravest and most capable of the Confederate generals during the war, but at the close he accepted the situation, and devoted all his energies to the work of pacification and union. This brought upon him a weight of undeserved obloquy such as few men could bear. He was called a renegade to the South, and socially ostracized, and all his efforts to bring about a better understanding between the North and the South have been scornfully repelled by his old friends. General Badger, who commanded the Metropolitan Police of New Orleans at the beginning of the recent outbreak, and was severely wounded in the first day's fighting, served in the Union army during the war, and enjoyed a high reputation for bravery and capability. The portraits are engraved from photographs by W. W. Washburn, of New Orleans.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, limited as are its actual resources, is already beginning to produce upon the popular taste and feeling for art among us effects similar in kind, though unfortunately inferior in degree, to those which are revolutionizing practical art in London, under the impulse of the magnificent collections of the South Kensington Museum, and of Sir Richard Wallace's noble exhibition of the Hertford treasures in Bethnal Green. There are hundreds, not to say thousands of the most prosperous classes in this country who are learning to-day, for the first time, from the Metropolitan Museum of art, that the legitimate domain of art ought to include all that serves and cheers our daily domestic life. That a candlestick or a cup, a table service or a bracelet, may be made a thing of beauty and "a joy forever," was a commonplace of civilization three thousand years ago in Cyprus, and three hundred years ago in Italy and Flanders, Germany and France. This the Metropolitan Museum is revealing to us to-day in its antique treasures. That the thing which has been for others may be again for us, Starr & Marcus began to entreat the public to understand long before the Metropolitan Museum was opened. Simply to pass from the Museum to-day to their warerooms at 22 John Street (up stairs), will show how faithfully they have labored in this high vocation. Their artists are incessantly busy, inventing new combinations of form, and of color, too; for chemistry is now subduing the metals themselves to pigments, wherewith to make the simplest as well as the most elaborate, the least as well as the most expensive articles of personal ornament or household service, at once captivating to the eye and suggestive to the mind. This is no doubt a good business policy. But it is something more. It is a service rendered to the cause of education, not the less valuable that it comes without ostentation and in the ordinary channels of daily life.—[*Com.*]

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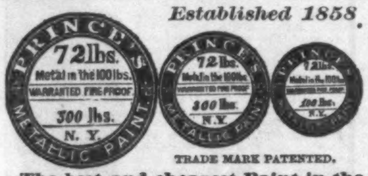

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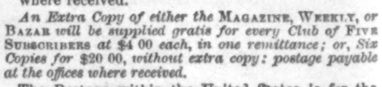

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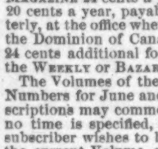

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Vol. VI.

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DOUBLE-BREASTED PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron Front and Square Back Over-skirt and Long Walking Skirt..........	" 47
DOLMAN DEMI-TRAINED SUIT......	" 48
WATER-PROOF CLOAK, with Cape and Sleeves..........	" 50
TIGHT-FITTING SINGLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE HOUSE DRESS..........	" 50
BOY'S WARDROBE, Sack Overcoat with Cape, Jacket, Vest, Knee Pantaloons, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)....	" 52

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ENGLISH CUIRASS, OVER-SKIRT WITH POCKETS, AND WALKING SKIRT......	" 41
CUIRASS POLONAISE WALKING SUIT....	" 43

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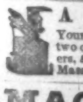

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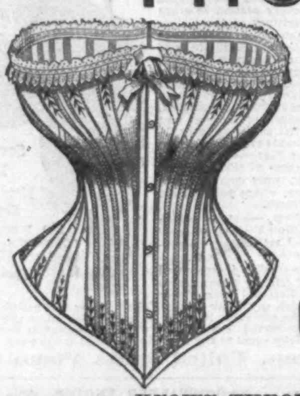

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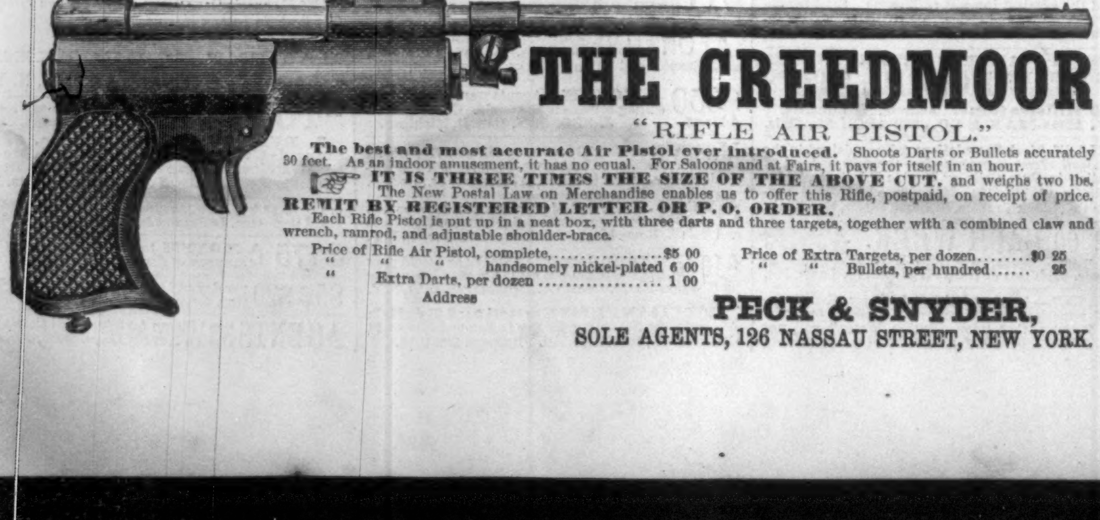

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

SORROW AUGMENTETH THE MALADY.

THIS happy easy-going life of Humphrey Clissold's was suddenly disturbed by a letter from Martin Trevanard. Some time had elapsed without any communication from the young man when this letter arrived, but Humphrey, in his new happiness, had been somewhat forgetful of his Cornish friend. He felt a touch of remorse as he read the letter.

"Things have been going altogether wrong here," wrote Martin. "I don't mean in the way of worldly prosperity. We have a first-rate harvest, and a good year in all respects. But I am sorry to say my mother's health has been declining for some time. She has been unable to attend to the house, and things get out of gear without her. My father has grown moody and unhappy, and, I'm afraid, puts a dash of brandy into his cider oftener than is good for him. Muriel is much the same as usual, and the good old grandmother holds out bravely. It is my mother gives me most uneasiness. I feel convinced that she has something on her mind. I have sometimes thought that her trouble is in some way connected with poor Muriel. I only wish you were here. Your clearer mind might understand much that is dark to me. If it were not asking too much from your friendship, I would willingly beg you to come down here for a week or two. It would do me more good than I can express to see you."

Humphrey's answer to this appeal was prompt and brief:

"DEAR MARTIN,—I shall be at Borcel End, all things going well, to-morrow night.
"Yours always, H. C."

It was a hard thing for him to leave town just now. There was his new poem, which had all the charm and freshness of a composition recently begun. Little chance for him to continue his work at Borcel, with Martin always at his elbow, and the family troubles and family secrets on his shoulders. And then there was Justina—his afternoon cup of tea in the second-floor parlor—all his new hopes and fancies, which had grouped themselves around the young actress, like the Loves and Graces round Venus in an allegorical ceiling by Lely or Kneller. But friendship with Humphrey Clissold being something more than a name, he felt that he could do no otherwise than hasten to his friend's relief. So he took his farewell cup of tea out of the dragon-china, and departed by an early express next morning, after promising Justina to be away as brief a span as possible.

Borcel End looked very much as when he had first seen it, save that the warm glow of summer had faded from the landscape, and that the old farm-house had a gloomy look in the autumn dusk. Humphrey had chartered a vehicle at Seacomb station, and driven seven miles across country—a wild moorland district, made awful by a yawning open shaft here and there, marking the place of an abandoned mine.

The glow of the great hall fire shining through the latticed windows was the only cheerful thing about the aspect of Borcel. All the rest of the long rambling house was dark.

Martin received his friend at the gate.

"This is good of you, Clissold," he said, as Humphrey alighted. "I feel ashamed of my selfishness in asking you to come to such a dismal place as this; but it will do me a world of good to have you here. I've told my mother you were coming for a fortnight's ramble among the moors. It wouldn't do for her to know the truth."

"Of course not. But as to Borcel being a dismal place, you know that I never found it so."

"Ah, you have never lived here," said Martin, with a sigh; "and then you've the family up at the Manor to enliven the neighborhood for you. There's always plenty of cheerfulness there."

"And how is Mr. Penwyn going on? Is he getting popular?"

"He ought to be, for he has done a great deal for the neighborhood. You'll hardly recognize the road between here and the Manor when you drive there. But I don't believe the Squire will ever be as popular as Mrs. Penwyn. The people idolize her. But they seem to have a notion that whatever the Squire does is done more for his own advantage than the welfare of his tenants. And yet, take him for all in all, there never was a more liberal landlord."

Martin was carrying his friend's small portmanteau to the porch as he talked. Having deposited that burden, he ran back and told the driver to take his horse round to the stables, and to go round to the kitchen afterward for his own supper. This hospitable duty performed, Martin opened the door, and ushered Humphrey Clissold into the family sitting-room.

There sat the old grandmother in her accustomed corner, knitting the inevitable gray stocking which was always in progress under those swift fingers. There, in an arm-chair by the fire, propped up with pillows, sat the mistress of the homestead, sorely changed since Humphrey had last seen her. The keen dark eyes had all their old brightness; nay, looked brighter from the pallor of the shrunken visage; the high cheek-bones, the square jaw, were more sharply outlined than of old; and the hand which the invalid extended to Humphrey—that honest, hard-working hand, which had once been coarse and brown—was now white and thin and delicate of texture.

Michael Trevanard sat at the opposite side of the hearth, with a pewter tankard, a newspaper, and a long clay pipe on the square oak table at his elbow. These idle autumn evenings were trying to the somewhat mindless farmer, to whom all the world of letters afforded no further solace than the county paper, or an occasional number of the *Field*.

"I am sorry to see you looking so ill, Mrs. Trevanard," Humphrey said, kindly.

"I've had a bad time of it this year, Mr. Clissold," she answered. "I had an attack of ague and low fever in the spring, and it left a cough that has stuck to me ever since."

"I hope my coming here while you are an invalid will not be troublesome to you."

"No," answered Mrs. Trevanard, with a sigh. "I've got used to the notion of things being in a muddle, and neither Michael nor Martin seem to mind; so it doesn't much matter that the house is neglected. I've been obliged to take a second girl, and the two between them make more dirt than ever they clean up. Your old room's been got ready for you, Mr. Clissold; at least I told Martha to clean it thoroughly early this morning, and light a good fire this afternoon; so I suppose it's all right. But you might as well make up your mind that the wind was always to blow from one quarter as that a girl would do her duty when your eyes are off her. If I had a daughter now, a handy young woman, to look after the house—"

She turned her head upon her pillow with a shuddering sigh. That thought was too bitter.

"My dear Mrs. Trevanard," cried Humphrey, cheerfully, "I feel assured that the room will be—well, not so nice as you would have made it, perhaps, but quite clean and comfortable."

He took his seat by the hearth, and entered into conversation with the master of the house, who seemed cheered by the visitor's arrival.

"And pray what's doing up in London, Mr. Clissold?" Michael Trevanard asked, as if he took the keenest interest in metropolitan affairs.

Humphrey told him the latest stirring events—wars and rumors of wars, reviews, royal marriages in contemplation—to which the farmer listened with respectful attention, feeling these facts as remote from his life as if they had occurred in the East Indies.

He, on his part, told Humphrey all that had been stirring at Penwyn; among other matters, that curious circumstance of the attempted burglary, and Mr. Penwyn's lenity toward the offender.

"I'm rather surprised to hear that," said Humphrey. "I should not have thought the Squire a particularly easy-going person."

"No; he can be stern enough at times," answered the farmer. "That business up at the justice-room caused a good bit of talk. If it had been one of us, folks said, Squire Penwyn wouldn't have let go his grip like that. They couldn't understand why he should be so lenient just because the man was the son of his lodge-keeper. It would have seemed more natural for him to get rid of the whole lot altogether, for they're a set of vagabonds to be about a gentleman's place. That girl, Elspeth, who brought you here, is always robbing the orchards and hen-roosts about the neighborhood. She's a regular pest to the farmers' wives."

"That curious-looking woman is still at the lodge, then?" asked Humphrey.

"Yes, she's still there."

"Perhaps it was Mrs. Penwyn who interceded for the son?"

"Well, it was a curious business altogether," answered the farmer. "Mrs. Penwyn and the woman has a talk together in a room to themselves, and then Mrs. Penwyn comes back to the justice-room looking as white as a corpse, and says a few words to her husband, and on that he talks over Mr. Tresillian, and then Mr. Tresillian lets the vagabond off with a reprimand. Now why Mrs. Penwyn should intercede for the woman's son I can't understand, for it's well known, through Mrs. Penwyn's own maid having talked about it, that the Squire's lady can't endure the woman, and is vexed with her husband for keeping such trash on his premises."

"I dare say there's something more in it than any of us Cornish folks are likely to find out," said Mrs. Trevanard. "The Penwyns were always a secret, underhanded lot; smooth on the outside, as fair as whitened sepulchres, and as foul within."

"Come, Bridget, you're prejudiced against them. You always have been, I think. It isn't fair to speak ill of those that have been good landlords to us."

"Haven't we been good tenants? We're even there, I think."

The maid-servant came in to lay the supper-table, Mrs. Trevanard's watchful eyes following the girl's every movement. A good substantial supper had been prepared for the traveler, but the old air of comfort seemed somehow to have deserted the homestead, Humphrey thought. The sick wife, with that unmistakable prophetic look in her face, the forecast shadow of coming death, gave a melancholy air to the scene. The blind old grandmother, sitting apart in her corner, looked like a monument of age and affliction. The farmer himself had the heavy dullness of manner which betokens a too frequent indulgence in alcohol. Martin was spasmodically gay, as if determined to enjoy the society of his friend; but care had set its mark on the bright young face, and he was in no wise the Martin of two years ago.

Humphrey retired to his bedroom soon after supper, conducted by Martin. The apartment was unchanged in its dismal aspect; the dingy old furniture loomed darkly through the dust, Martin's one candle making only an oasis of light in the desert of gloom.

The memory of his first night at Borcel End was very present to Humphrey Clissold as he seated himself by the hearth, where the fire had burned black and dull.

"Poor Muriel," he thought, "what a dreary chamber for youth and beauty to inhabit! And in a fatal hour the girl's first love dream came to illumine the gloom—sweet delusive dream, bringing pain along with it, and inextinguishable regret."

Martin set down the candle on the dressing-table, and poked the fire vehemently.

"Poor mother's right," he said. "Those girls never do any thing properly now she isn't able to follow them about. I told Phœbe to be sure to have a bright fire to light up this cheerless old den, and she has left nothing but a mass of smouldering coal."

"Never mind the fire, Martin. Sit down, like a good fellow, and tell me all your troubles. Your poor mother looks very ill."

"So ill that the doctor gives us no hope of her ever getting better. Poor soul, she's going to leave us. Heaven only knows how soon. She's been a good faithful wife to father, and a tender mother to me, and a good mistress, and a faithful servant in all things, so far as I can tell. Yet I'm afraid there's something on her mind—something that weighs heavy. I've seen many a token of secret care since she's been ill and sitting quietly by the fire, thinking over her past life."

"And you imagine that her trouble is in some way connected with your sister?"

"I don't see what else it can be. That's the only unhappiness we've ever had in our lives. All the rest has been plain sailing enough."

"Have you questioned your mother about her anxieties?" asked Humphrey.

"Many times. But she has always put me off with some impatient answer. She has never denied that she has secret cares, but when I have begged her to trust me or my father, she has turned from me peevishly. 'Neither of you could help me,' she has told me. 'What is the use of talking of old sores, when there's no healing them?'"

"An unanswerable question," said Humphrey.

"You remember what you said to me about poor Muriel the day you left Borcel? Well, those words of yours made a deep impression upon me, not so much at the time as afterward. I thought over all you had said, and it seemed to grow clear to me that there was something sadder about my poor sister's story than had ever come to my knowledge. She had not been quite fairly used, perhaps. Things had been hushed up and hidden for the honor of her family, and she had been the victim of the family respectability. My mother's one fault is pride—pride in the respectability of the Trevanards. She doesn't want to be with her betters, or to be thought any thing better than a yeoman's wife, but her strong point has been the family credit. 'There are no people in Cornwall more looked up to than the Trevanards.' I can remember hearing her say that as soon as I can remember any thing, and I believe she would make any sacrifice of her own happiness to maintain that position. It is just possible that she may have sacrificed the peace of others."

"I agree with you there, Martin. Whatever wrong has been done, great or small, has been done for the sake of the good old name."

"Now it struck me," continued Martin, earnestly, "that although my mother can not be persuaded to confide in me, or in my father, who has been a little dull of late, poor soul, she might bring herself to trust you. I know that she respects you as a clever man and a man of the world. You live remote from this little corner of the earth where the Trevanards are of importance. She would feel less pain perhaps in trusting you with a family secret than in telling it to her own kith and kin. You would go away carrying the secret with you; and if there were any wrong to be righted, as I fear there must be, you might right it without giving rise to scandal. This is what I have thought, foolishly perhaps."

"Indeed no, Martin, I see no folly in your idea; and if I can persuade your mother to trust me, depend upon it I will."

"She knows you are a gentleman, and might be willing to trust in your honor, where she would doubt any commoner person."

"We'll see what can be done, Martin," answered Humphrey, hopefully. "Your poor sister lives apart from you all, I suppose, in the old way?"

"Yes," replied the young man, "and I fear it's a bad way. Her wits seem further astray than ever. When I meet her now in the hazle copse, where she is so fond of wandering, she looks scared and runs away from me. She sings to herself sometimes of an evening, as she sits by the fire in grandmother's room. I hear her, now and then, as I pass the window, singing some old song in her sad, sweet voice, just as she used to sing to me to sleep years ago. But I think she hardly ever opens her lips to speak."

"Does she ever see her mother?"

"That's the saddest part of all. For the last year my mother hasn't dared go near her. Muriel took to screaming at the sight of her, as if she was going into a fit; so, since then, mother and she have hardly ever met. It's hard to think of the dying mother, so near her only daughter, and yet completely separated from her."

"It's a sad story altogether, Martin," said Humphrey, "and a heavy burden for your young life. If I can do any thing to lighten it, be sure of my uttermost help. I am very glad you sent for me. I am very glad you trust me."

On this the two young men shook hands and parted for the night, Martin much cheered by his friend's coming.

No intrusion disturbed the traveler's rest. He slept soundly after his long journey, and awoke to hear farm-yard cocks crowing in the sunshine, and to remember that he was more than two hundred miles away from Justina.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"BUT OH! THE THORNS WE STAND UPON."

MR. CLISSOLD spent the morning sauntering about the farm and lounging in one of the hill-side meadows with Martin. The young man was depressed by the sense of approaching calamity, and the thought of parting with his mother, who had been more tender to him than to any one else in the world, was a bitter grief not to be put aside. But he did his best to keep his sorrow to himself, and to be an agreeable companion to his friend; while Humphrey, on his side, tried to beguile Martin to forgetfulness by cheery talk of that wide busy world in which the young Cornishman longed to take his place.

"I shall have my liberty soon enough," said Martin, with a sigh. "I could not leave Borcel during my mother's lifetime, for I knew it would grieve her if I deserted the old homestead. But when she is gone the tie will be broken. Father can rub on well enough without me, if I find him an honest bailiff to take my place. He can afford to sit down and rest now, and take things easily; for he's a rich man, though he and mother always make a secret of it. And I can run down here once or twice a year to see how things are going on. Yes, I shall certainly go to London after my poor mother's death. Borcel would be hateful to me without her. And if you can get me into a merchant's office I would try my hand at commerce. I'm pretty quick at figures."

"I'll do my best to start you fairly, dear boy, though I have not much influence in the commercial world. I think a year or two in London would do you good, and perhaps reconcile you to your country life afterward. A little London goes a long way with some people. And now I think I'll walk over to Penwyn, and see how the Squire and his wife are getting on. I shall be back at Borcel by tea-time. Will you come with me, Martin?"

"I should like it of all things, but my mother sets her face against any intercourse between the two families. She doesn't even like my father to go to the audit dinner. And just now, when she's so ill, I don't care to do any thing that can vex her. So I'll loaf about at home while you go up yonder."

"So be it, then, Martin. I think you're quite right."

The walk across the moorland was delightful in the late September weather, a fresh breeze blowing off the land, and Atlantic's mighty waves breaking silver-crested upon the rugged shore.

"If Justina were but here!" thought Humphrey Clissold, with a longing for that one companion in whose presence he had found perfect contentment, the companion who always understood, and always sympathized, who laughed at his smallest jokelet, for whom his loftiest flight never soared too high. He thought of Justina mewed up in her Bloomsbury parlor, while he was gazing on that wide ocean, breathing this ethereal air, and he felt as if there were selfishness in his enjoyment of the scene without her.

"Will the day ever come when she and I shall be one, and visit earth's fairest scenes together?" he wondered. "Has she forgotten her romantic attachment to my poor friend, and can she give me a whole heart? I think she likes me. I have sometimes ventured to tell myself that she loves me. Yet there is that old memory. She can never give me a love as pure and perfect as that early passion—the first-fruits of her innocent, girlish heart, pure as those vernal offerings which the Romans gave their God."

He looked back to that summer day at Eborsham when he had seen the overgrown, shabbily clad girl sitting in the meadow, with gathered wild flowers in her lap, lifting her pale young face, and looking up at him with melancholy eyes—eyes which had beheld so little of earth's brightness. Nothing fairer than such a meadow as this on a summer afternoon.

"I did not know that was my fate," he said to himself, remembering his critical, philosophical consideration of the group.

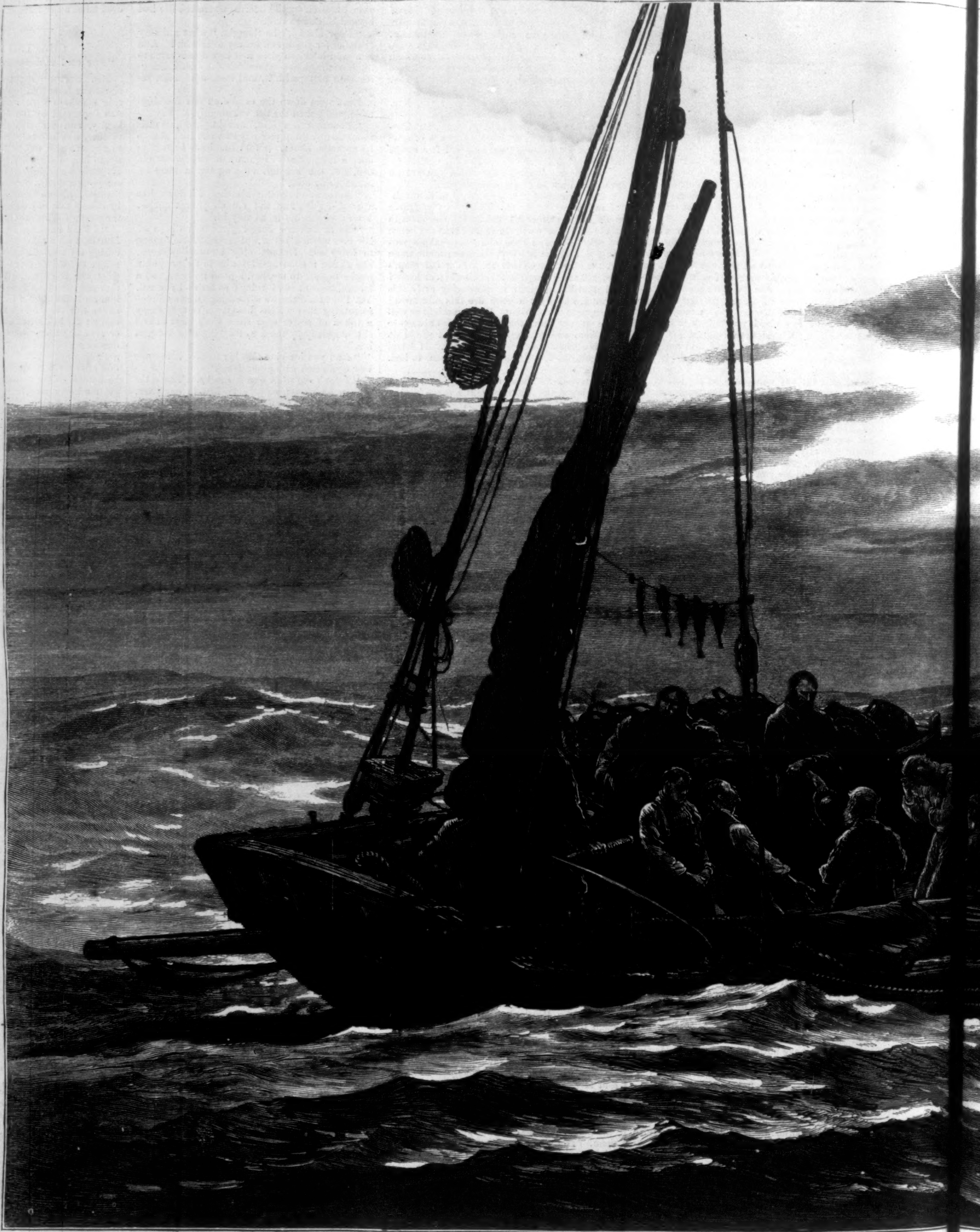
Thinking of Justina shortened that moorland walk, the subject being, in a manner, inexhaustible; just that one subject which, in the mind of a lover, has no beginning, middle, or end.

By-and-by the pedestrian struck into one of Squire Penwyn's new roads, and admired the young trees in the Squire's plantations, and the thickets of rhododendron planted here and there among the stems of feathery Norwegian and sturdy Scotch firs. A keeper's or forester's lodge here and there, built of gray stone, gave an air of occupation to the landscape; the neatly kept garden full of autumn's gaudy flowers; a group of rustic children standing at gaze to watch the traveler.

These plantations wonderfully improved the approach to Penwyn Manor-house. They gave an indication of residential estate, as it were, and added importance to the country-seat of the Penwyns, the Manor-house of days gone by having been an isolated mansion set in a wild and barren landscape. Nowadays the traveler surveyed these well-kept plantations on either side of a wide high-road, and knew that a lord of the soil dwelt near.

Humphrey entered the Manor-house grounds by the north lodge. He might have chosen a shorter way, but he had a fancy for taking another look at the woman who had first admitted him to Penwyn, and who had become notorious since then on account of her son's wrong-doing.

The iron gate was shut, but the woman was near at hand, ready to admit visitors. She was sitting on her door-step, basking in the afternoon sunshine. She no longer wore the close white



SUNDAY EVENING AT SEA PR

cap in which Humphrey had first seen her. To-day her dark hair, with its rare streaks of gray, was brushed smoothly from her swarthy forehead, and a scarlet handkerchief was tied loosely across her head.

That bit of scarlet had a curious effect upon Humphrey Clissold's memory. Two years ago he had vaguely fancied the face familiar. To-day brought back the memory of time and place, the very moment and spot where he had just seen it.

Yes, he recalled the low water meadows, the tow-path, the picturesque old red-tiled roofs and pointed gables of Eborsham, the solemn towers of the cathedral, the crook-backed willows on the bank, and youth and careless pleasure personified in James Penwyn.

This lodge-keeper was no other than that gypsy who had prophesied evil about Humphrey Clissold's friend. A slight thing, perhaps, and matter for ridicule, that dark saying about the severed line of life on James Penwyn's palm, but circumstances had given a fatal force to the soothsayer's words.

"What," said Humphrey, looking at the woman earnestly as she unlocked the gate, "you and I have met before, my good woman, and far away from here."

She stared at him with a stolid look.

"I remember your coming here two years ago," she said. "That was the first and last time I ever saw you till to-day."

"Oh no, it was not—not the first time. Have you forgotten Eborsham and your fortune-telling days, when you told my friend Mr. Penwyn's fortune, and talked about a cut across his hand? He was murdered the following day. I should think that event must have impressed the circumstance upon your mind."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Rebecca Mason answered, doggedly. "I never saw you till you came here. I was never at any place called Eborsham."

"I can not gainsay so positive an assertion from a lady," said Humphrey, ironically; "but all I can say is that there is some one about in the world who bears a most extraordinary likeness to you. I hope the fact may never get you into trouble."

He passed on toward the house, sorely perplexed by the presence of this woman at Mr. Penwyn's gates. He had no shadow of doubt as to her identity. She was the very woman he had seen plying her gypsy trade at Eborsham—that woman, and no other. And what could have brought her here? Through what influence, by what pretense, had she wormed her way into a respectable household, and acquired so much power that her vagabond son might attempt a burglary with impunity?

The question was a puzzling one, and worried Humphrey not a little. He remembered what Mrs. Trevanard had said about there being something in the background—something false and underhanded in the Squire's life. Only the suggestion of a prejudiced woman, of course; but such suggestions make their impression even upon the clearest mind. He remembered Justina's prejudice against the man who had been so great a gainer by James Penwyn's death.

"Heaven help Churchill Penwyn!" he thought. "It is not a pleasant thing to succeed to a murdered man's heritage. Let him walk ever so straight, there w[...]tchful
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not important in their character, but in a manner completing the harmony of the picture. And over all there was a wealth of color, and varied light and shadow, which would have made most country mansions seem dull and commonplace in comparison with this one.

"It is Mrs. Penwyn's taste, no doubt, which has made the place so charming," Humphrey thought. "Happy man to have such a wife. I will think no ill of him for her sake."

The aspect of the house impressed Humphrey as suggestive of a happy domestic life. Grandeur was not the character of the mansion—homelike prettiness rather, a gracious smiling air, which seemed to welcome the stranger.

Humphrey Clissold entered by an Elizabethan porch, which had been added to the old lobby entrance at one end of the house. The lobby had been transformed into the prettiest little armory imaginable; the dark and shining oak walls decorated with weapons and shields of the Middle Ages, all old English. This armory opened into a corridor with a row of doors on either side, a corridor which led straight to the hall, now the favorite family sitting-room, and provided with what was known as the ladies' billiard-table. The billiard-room proper was an apartment at the outer end of the house, lighted from the open Gothic roof, a room which Churchill had added to the family mansion.

Here, in the spacious old hall, Humphrey found the family and guests assembled after luncheon. Lady Cheshunt enthroned in a luxurious arm-chair, drawn close to the bright wood fire, which pleasantly warmed the autumnal atmosphere; Viola Bellingham deeply engaged in the consideration of whether to play for the white or the red, her own ball having been sent into a most uncomfortable corner by her antagonist, Sir Lewis Dallas; Mrs. Penwyn seated on a sofa by the sunniest window, with the infant heir on her knees, a sturdy fair-haired youngster in a dark blue velvet frock, trying his utmost to demolish a set of Indian chess-men which the indulgent mother had produced for his amusement; Churchill seated near, glancing from an open Quarterly to that pleasing picture of mother and child; two or three young ladies and a couple of middle-aged gentlemen engaged in watching the billiard players; and, finally, Sir Lewis Dallas engaged in watching Viola.

No brighter picture of English home-life could be imagined.

Churchill threw down his Quarterly, and rose to offer the unexpected guest a hearty welcome, which Madge as heartily seconded.

"This time, of course, you have come to stay with us," said Mr. Penwyn.

"You are too good. No. I have put up at my old quarters at Borcel End. But I dare say I shall give you quite enough of my society. I walked over to spend an hour or two, and perhaps ask for a cup of tea from Mrs. Penwyn."

"You'll stop to dinner, surely?"

"Not this evening. I promised Martin Trevanard that I would go back before dark."

"You and that young Martin are fast friends, it seems."

"Yes. He is a capital young fellow, and I am really attached to him," answered Humphrey, somewhat absently.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]